

THEY OR TRIPS OUT WITH WBET PSYCHEDELIA SCHMIDT!!

# From Rapture With Love



By CLYDE ALLISON

**AGENT  
0008**

## FROM RAPTURE WITH LOVE

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## Prologue

“THE PARENTS AND grandparents of this generation preached love, then marriage, then sex, as the proper order of things. But today's youth has questioned that order, somehow found it wanting, and inverted it. For many, if not the majority, the proper arrangement is love, sex, and then marriage. For some, it is first sex, then love, and finally marriage if necessary.” (William & Jerrye Breedlove, *The Swinging Set*, 1965)

For Psychodelia Schmidt and her gear gang, it was pot first, then sex, then LSD, then more sex, then LSD for everyone regardless of whether they wanted it. That's when 0008 hit the scene, that famous, intrepid, totally fearless top dog agent of SADISTO's international flying squad.

## Chapter 1

THE TAWNY-HAIRED GIRL by the roadside was beautiful and nude—nude, that is, save for leather sandals, short-short leather shorts and a soft leather halter which cradled but failed to conceal her full, rounded, utterly feminine breasts.

I braked my Ferrari SS convertible to a tire-howling halt beside her.

"Want a ride?" I queried with a sardonic leer.

"Love one," she purred, shouldering her knapsack, then sliding it into the space behind the Ferrari's bucket seats before sliding—with a dazzling display of creamy white thigh—into the convertible herself.

"Heading for Palisades Interstate Park?" she murmured as she fastened her seat belt—and I sent the Ferrari leaping forward with a roar of super-charged power.

"What," I gritted, "makes you think that?"

Casually, as if I were merely scratching my left chest, I let my right hand stray toward my shoulder holster where my Walther PPK automatic snuggled.

*This chick knows too much, I mused to myself. How would she know my destination unless . . .*

But that was impossible. Or was it impossible? No, she couldn't be—or could she?

While I thus debated the chances of her being an enemy agent, with side reflections on the folly of my having stopped to pick up a hitchhiker in the first place, and toyed with idle thoughts as to where to bury her body if I had to liquidate her, she replied to my question:

"On account of you're taking the Bear Mountain Bridge across the Hudson," she said. "And on the other side of the Hudson is Palisades Interstate Park."

"Oh," I said, sliding my shooting hand away from my Walther PPK.

"Also you're wearing shorts and a sports shirt and have a picnic basket in your car," she went on.

*She's a very observant type, I mused thoughtfully. Perhaps too observant . . .*

"I couldn't help observing the fact that you were wearing shorts," she volunteered, "on account of you have extremely handsome legs. So many men look foolish in shorts. But you look—virile . . ."

"Oh?" I said. "Well, the fact is, your surmise is correct. I'm off for a picnic in Palisades Interstate Park."

"I'll bet she's pretty," said the tawny-haired girl beside me.

"Who?" I demanded.

"Why, the girl you're meeting there," she said.

"And what," I grated, suspicion flaring within me again, "makes you think I'm meeting a girl there?"

"Well," she said, "for one thing, you don't look like the kind of man who'd go off on a picnic by himself.

Also your picnic basket has a plastic top, through which I noted a bottle of champagne and two champagne glasses. So . . . you must be meeting somebody. And you don't, for some reason, strike me as the type who'd be meeting a boy. Hence, you're meeting a girl. And a man as handsome as you would naturally have a pretty date."

"Oh," I said. "You sure have a deductive type mind, don't you?" I added, as I watched my tachometer nudge the 7,000 line and the wind screamed past us.

"How nice," she sighed, "to have a man compliment me for my brains for a change. Most men just leer at my boobies. Or my thighs. Or my hips. Or my tushy backside. Or . . . but you're obviously different."

I frowned. Was she complimenting me or not?

In point of fact I had noted (and inwardly drooled over) the ripe, proud perfection of her magnificent young breasts, twin domes of rapture that surged suggestively up and outward from the confining confines of her boulder holders.

I'd also noted the long, sweeping, lusciously ripe contours of her erotically curved thighs. And the all-girl flare of her hips, the saucy sway of her plump but pleasing rump, the slenderness of her waist, the promise of her sky-blue eyes, not to mention the flowing splendor of her tawny tresses which had also registered in my head.

And triggered a throbbing eagerness in my loins.

But, like all triple-zero SADISTO agents—especially when on a job—I frequently thought of other things besides sex. Like, there's a time to thrill and a time to kill.

Meanwhile, we had raced deep into the wooded scenery of Palisades Interstate Park. A parking area loomed ahead. I made a racing change, swung into it, hit the brakes. Tires howled, as did panic-stricken tourists, and then the Ferrari slid to a dust-clouded



halt.

"This is as far as I go," I told my voluptuous passenger.

"Me too," she said, slithering out of the front seat without bothering to open the side door.

Wow! She really did have a blissfully built backside!

Not to mention the kind of thighs you sigh for . . .

She picked up her knapsack while I climbed out my side, picked up my picnic basket.

A dusty station wagon crowded with kids pulled in and parked just ahead of us. I cased it suspiciously. More than once I'd come close to being ambushed by enemy agent midgets disguised as kids.

But these kids seemed to be genuine. A middle-class family out for a day in the woods, I decided. Evidently a metal worker and his brats—for a huge sheet of thick steel was tied over the roof of the station wagon. No doubt the head of the household used his wagon for work as well as pleasure.

As I watched, a perspiring mother, father and six kids climbed out of the car. The kids, bless their militaristic little hearts, were all wearing steel helmets. And so, I noted with a frown, were their perspiring parents.

Curious . . .

Even more curiously, the whole family began donning life jackets. No—not life jackets, flak suits!

How odd . . .

"The trail's this way," said my tawny-tressed expassenger, pointing.

I turned my head. Sure enough, a big sign read: *Nature Walk This Way. Please Keep Our Park Green. Extinguish Cigarettes and Report All Napalm Fires.* CAUTION: NATURE WALKING IN THIS PARK MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH.

Most curious . . .

I began to walk along the nature walk, following the

mob of kids in helmets and flak suits, the picnic basket under my arm, the tawny-tressed temptress trotting by my side.

*Why was she following me . . . ?*

"I'm not following you," she said brightly. "It's just that we're walking in the same direction. If you see the girl you're meeting let me know and I'll drop behind. So she won't think we've been flirting or sexing. And get jealous."

"Thanks," I muttered, my eyes darting from side to side as we crunched along the gravel of the path through the towering trees.

A sign!

*Foxholes This Way*, said the sign, which was built in the shape of an arrow.

*Slit Trench This Way*, said another sign a few yards further down the trail. *Keep Our Slit Trenches Clean*, the sign went on to add *Do Not Leave Litter Or Wounded Children Behind*.

I furrowed my brow. What could—?

And then I heard it—the unmistakable, unbelievably ominous sound of a 105-mm howitzer shell coming our way—a sound like a hundred banshees howling as they ripped heavy canvas.

"Hit the deck, children!" trilled the parents of the children just ahead of us, and with a speed obviously the result of constant practice, the entire family group flung themselves into a nearby slit trench.

Me, I hurled myself into the closest foxhole just as—

*Thump!*

The tawny-tressed girl hurled herself into the same foxhole a second later.

"Sorry to crowd you this way," she gasped, as she pressed against me, her proud breasts thrusting erotically against my chest, her luscious bare belly snuggling against my abdomen, her ripe nude thighs scis-

soring between my bare legs, "but there wasn't time to find a separate but equally deep foxhole before that shell—"

KARUMP!!!

The 105-mm howitzer shell detonated deafeningly a few yards away. Huge chunks of shrapnel screamed close overhead, and severed tree branches crashed to the ground all around us.

"That," noted the tawny-tressed girl, "was rather a close—"

KARUMP! KARUMP! KARUMP! KARUMP!

Social conversation came to a halt for the next few minutes as huge shells exploded all around us.

Then came silence, wonderful silence.

"All right, children!" I heard a cheerful maternal voice call from the slit trench ahead. "On with the nature walk!"

The family nearby scrambled laughing and chattering out of their slit trench as I lurched to my feet, spitting out a mouthful of dirt and bark fragments.

The tawny-tressed girl also rose, brushing bits of shredded leaves from her bountiful bosom—a gesture which made her proud, firm, all-but-bared breasts tremble and quiver entrancingly.

"I had no idea," I gasped, "that the Viet Cong had reached New York and New Jersey!"

"That wasn't the Viet Cong, silly," laughed the tawny-tressed beauty. "That was just the cadets at West Point practice-firing. Didn't you read the *New York Times* for August 12, 1966?"

I thought hard. And, thanks to my push-button memory, I was able to recall almost the entire contents of that issue. And on page one . . .

"Ah," I said, "of course! I remember the story now—the cadets, practice-firing on the West Point Military Reservation adjoining this park, goofed somehow and lobbed a 105-mm shell three miles too far. Right

into Palisades Interstate Park, where it exploded and started a small forest fire. Second time they'd overshot in fourteen months. That time they almost got the east end of the Bear Mountain Bridge."

"Boys will be boys," agreed my curvaceous companion, as we resumed slogging along the trail. "And as you've just observed, the darling cadets still goof from time to time."

I nodded. The story in the *Times* had noted that the explosion of the shell had only been discovered by accident by the firefighters who'd stumbled over shrapnel fragments in the ashes. And the same story had related that the fire had been but one of many they'd had to put out that week. At one time seven separate fires had been burning. So possibly if not probably more shells hit the park than made the headlines. But I'd never dreamed things were *this* bad . . .

"We nature lovers who frequent the park," said my long-legged fellow walker, "have learned to live with the situation. I don't even bother wearing a helmet or flak suit any more. And none of us are so unpatriotic as to complain to the Military Academy."

"Very thoughtful and wise," I agreed, looking around nervously as I listened for more shells. "After all, those cadets will shortly become Army officers. And get sent to Vietnam. Where they'll frequently be called upon to lob shells at Viet Cong guerrillas cunningly disguised as women and children."

While talking I surreptitiously pulled a pocket compass out of my pocket. More correctly, it was only partly a pocket compass—concealed in the base was a miniaturized inertial navigator. I turned the compass over, pressed a concealed button.

Instantly came a tiny whirl, and tiny dials spun, then stopped.

I memorized the coordinates, dropped the 'compass' back in my pocket. Then I glanced down at the picnic

basket I held under my arm, found the tiny concealed button, pressed it. Instantly the clear plastic top of the picnic basket glowed with a red outline map of the park, criss-crossed by coordinate lines. I checked my position.

Just so.

"Uh, nice walking with you," I said, coming to a halt. "This is where I wander off the trail to commune with nature. And meet my date."

"Oh. Right," said the tawny-tressed girl. "Thanks for the lift. Happy nature-communing!"

And with a friendly handshake and a brief but torrid farewell kiss, she strolled on down the nature walk, her lovely hips undulating magnificently from side to side.

I watched her until, a hundred yards down the trail, she vanished from my sight.

*So she was just an innocent nature-crazed hitchhiker, after all, I reflected.*

Stupidly . . . !

The instant the long-legged, full-breasted, wide-hipped, jaunty-rumped, tawny-tressed cutie had vanished from sight I dropped on all fours, began to crawl stealthily through the thick undergrowth beneath the dense foliage of the towering trees.

I crawled fast, too. At least, as fast as I could on both knees and one hand—for I still had the picnic basket under one arm. Stupid of me not to have brought a strap. Ah! Inspiration. I seized the handle of the picnic basket in my teeth, resumed crawling.

Fast!

Also silently.

All triple-zero SADISTO agents, of course, are taught to move through thick brush as soundlessly as an Indian. More soundlessly, in fact, I reflected as I crawled rapidly but silently past a pair of sleeping deer a few inches away.

I froze suddenly as I heard a harsh rasping sound. I looked silently around, then smiled.

It was only a robin fifty feet away, pulling a worm out of a hole.

(Like all triple-zero SADISTO agents my hearing is particularly acute—and constant practice keeps it that way.)

I resumed my speedy but silent crawl—only to freeze again as I heard a creaking and groaning sound. But it was all right: only a large ant on a stalk of grass ten feet in front of me. The ant had crawled to the end of the stalk, and the blade of grass had slowly bent, causing the creaking and groaning sound that had alerted me.

I smiled. At least, thanks to my ultrakeen sense of hearing, I knew that I was alone in the woods. I started forward again, listening with half an ear to the wheezing breath of a squirrel with asthma fifty yards to my right and ten yards up a tree, crawling silently as a ghost until—

*Thud!*

"Eeeeeeeeee!"

I cursed, flung myself backward, jerked out my Walther PPK and leveled it at—a lusciously curved backside? Yes. And peering around her own backside was—the tawny-tressed girl I'd left hundreds of yards behind me walking down the trail!

"Whgrrr yrr dnng hrr yngg ldyyy?" I snarled.

"I could understand you better," she snapped, sidling around so that I no longer had a prime fiew of her backside but of her front. (And what a view I had of her frontside! On all fours as she was, her luscious rounded breasts swayed beneath her chest and between her arms like succulent ripe fruit . . .) "I could understand you better, I say," she snapped, "if you didn't try to talk with a picnic basket in your mouth."

"Ohhgg," I said, dropping the picnic basket. "To

repeat," I snarled, "What are you doing here, young lady? And, gulp, how does it happen that were crawling *ahead* of me when I bumped into you?"

She smiled. A sultry but somehow dangerous smile.

"We KRUNCH agents are taught to crawl speedily as well as silently through thick brush," she chuckled. "You—you were as slow and noisy as a herd of browsing drunken elephants."

"In that case," I sneered, keeping my automatic trained at her lovely head, "how come I bumped into you from behind—thereby causing you to go *eeeeeeee!*?"

She shrugged—no easy feat when one is on all fours—then smiled. "So you weren't all that noisy. And as for my going *eeeeee*—you'd squeal too if you were suddenly goosed by a picnic basket when you least expected it. Frankly, I figured you'd be a good five seconds behind me. You *are* one of SADISTO's top men, aren't you?"

"Right!" I snapped. "And I intend to stay on top!"

"For how long?" she chuckled throatily. "But later for the erotic innuendos. As no doubt you've surmised, I'm the enemy agent you are on your way to meet."

"Knew it all along," I snarled.

"Ha," she chuckled, "ha! What a sucker you are for a scantily clad hitchhiking cutie! But I'm digressing—a trait they say you're often guilty of, 0008. Shall we crawl into that adjacent sylvan glade so we can inspect each other's credentials in relative comfort?"

I nodded, followed her swaying backside through a tunnel in the brush. A moment later we were in a cozy clearing. A real pretty place, actually, if you dig woodland scenery and such—high trees high above us formed a canopy of sun-drenched green. Beneath our hands and feet was a carpet of soft moss and leaves.

The tawny-haired girl stood up.

"Karlotta's my name," she purred. "Being a

KRUNCH kolonel's my game. I suppose, to put you at your ease so we may talk, you'll want to assure yourself I have no concealed weapons?"

"Right!" I snapped.

"So see for yourself," she shrugged, arching her lovely hands behind her back—thereby causing her rounded, rapture-packed breasts to jut even further out and up from her chest. Her hands fumbled with the buttons holding her balloon booster—and a moment later her halter dropped from her shoulders. Also from her magnificent breasts, which bobbed cheerfully in their new-found freedom.

What perfectly rounded hemispheres of utter delight!

What sweepingly upcurved cupolas of totally feminine flesh!

What creamy white flesh ...

What shockingly pink aureoles ...

What crimson nipples ...

What boobies!

Karlotta did a graceful turn, oblivious of the way her turning made her breasts sway and shake, jiggle and quiver ...

"See?" she half sneered, half smiled. "No concealed weapons above the waist."

"Keep convincing me," I harshvoiced.

"Why not?" she purred, her shapely hands dropping to her even more shapely waist, and then down a bit further to teasingly unfasten the wooden toggles that fastened her ultrashort-short leather short-shorts.

An instant later she was untoggled and, slowly, smilingly, began to shove her short-shorts down her wide and wonderful hips. Either because of the width of her hips—or the flare of her richly rounded buttocks—she had quite a time doing so.

But eventually the leather short-shorts slid down her long and lovely legs to plop softly on the mossy ground



around her shapely, dainty (but no doubt evil) ankles. Again she turned, more slowly, more suggestively this time.

"See any—" she did a shockingly suggestive bump and grind—"concealed weapons?" she chuckled.

"Stand with your luscious legs further apart," I snapped, snapping my gun up. "So I can be certain you don't have a hand grenade clasped between your thighs."

Laughing softly she did just that.

Quickly I reached over, jammed the bulbous silencer of my Walther PPK against her smooth tummy, felt quickly up and down her inner thighs.

"You *cad!*" she chuckled. "When you search a girl, you really search her, don't you? Search me that way a few more times, 0008, and you'll drive me wild with desire."

"Guess you're clean," I frowned. "Of concealed weapons, that is. As a KRUNCH kolonel—or former kolonel—I guess your mind is about as unclean as shapely minds can be. Okay, I suppose—*wait!* You aren't completely searched yet! Shed your sandals! Let down, even more, your long tawny hair!"

And, gnashing her lovely white teeth, she did so. Her tawny hair tumbled out of the loose pony tail she'd had it in and—*thud, thud, thud, thud*—a rain of tiny grenades, hypodermic needles with red skulls and crossbones on them, midget flares, miniaturized explosive charges and the like cascaded to the mossy forest floor.

"Just," I snarled, "as I figured."

"I *really* forgot I was carrying them!" she gasped, blushing.

"Off with the sandals!" I snapped.

She shrugged, unbuckled them, tossed them to me. I looked them over, checked for concealed compartments. Nothing. I tossed them over my shoulder.

BLAM! BLAM!

We both hit the moss-covered forest floor as rocks and ferns screamed past us.

"Plastic explosive soles, eh?" I sneered, sitting up again.

"KRUNCH doesn't *issue* any other kind," she apologized. "If nothing else, it discourages childish petulance on the part of girl KRUNCH agents. Like if a KRUNCH kutie stamps her little foot—bye-bye baby! Also any innocent bystanders within a fifty-foot radius."

"No doubt," I muttered. "Uh, would you mind pretending you're a snapping turtle and snap your teeth together?"

"If that's your twisted desire," she said, snapping her teeth together.

No explosion. So her teeth were probably unloaded.

"Okay," I said. "I guess you're relatively unarmed."

"And now," she murmured, licking her lips in a curiously expectant manner, "would you mind putting me at my ease?"

"Huh?" I said. "Oh. Oh, yes."

And, standing, I rapidly doffed my clothes. My sports shirt, my shoulder holster containing my Walther PPK automatic, my shorts, my undershorts, sports socks and sports shoes. Also a few other items I was wearing.

"How in the world," gasped Karlotta, "can you read a compass with so much metal on you?"

"They're all guaranteed non-magnetic," I assured her, adding my gadget-laden wrist watch to the pile of throwing knives, grappling irons (folded), cartridge belts, folded sniper rifle, grenades and other miscellaneous communications or killing equipment all triple-zero SADISTO agents carry at all—or almost all—times.

Now we were both naked.

Both facing each other.

Alone in a sylvan setting such as Adam and Eve might have encountered.

There was even an apple tree close by . . .

"For just a brief thrilling moment," murmured Kar-lotta, tossing her tawny hair so that it whispered softly over her lovely bare shoulders, "for just a moment it's tempting to forget that you represent SADISTO and I KRUNCH . . . For just a moment, wouldn't it be wild and wonderful if we remembered only that I'm a woman and you're a man . . .?"

"Are you," I queried, "suggesting some sexual hanky-panky in the hay? Or more correctly, a little molesting on this moss, a touch of lust on this lawn, frantic flesh frenzy amid the ferns?"

"Yes," she crooned, her lovely eyelids half-hooding her gleaming, sex-oriented eyes.

"Well—why not?" I leered, reaching for her.

As she reached for me.

And then we had at each other.

Weaponless—save for the weapons all girls and all men have.

Even so, we almost destroyed each other . . .

## Chapter 2

I PULLED HER  
nudely naked body into my arms and an instant later I felt the moist inferno of her mouth as she breathed words of passion into my face—and then clamped her ripe lips to my mouth . . .

I felt her tongue, shameless, active as an erotic eel, suggestive as original sin, lust-laden as a censor's mind, dart passionately into my mouth . . .

I felt the sliding bliss-bath of her tongue and mine wrestling rapturously in and out of my mouth and her mouth, fencing lewdly, fondling licentiously, stroking lasciviously . . .

I felt the wonder-warmth of her nude and pneumatically resilient breasts push against my bare chest, thrusting hydraulic joy against my ribs, speeding the beat of my heart with the thrilling, throbbing contact of hot soft girl-flesh . . . and what flesh is more unmis-

takably feminine than a well-built babe's boobies?

I felt, too, the silken soft, singing, scorching, sliding thrusting friction of her bare belly surging against my stomach, the intimate urging of her lovely loins, the yielding firmness of her thighs as her legs and mine pressed together...

And I appreciated what I felt.

And then some...

I slid my hands around the slender tender column of her waist, her tiny waist which I could almost enclose with my hands, then slid my hands down and around her body, over her wide and lovely hips, over the pouting pillows of flesh which were her buttocks, then over the zest-crest of her buttocks and down the rounded perfection of her glossy-fleshed, satin-smooth thighs...

I slid my hands up again, cupped and grasped twin heaping handfuls of hot haunch flesh, kneaded the rapture-ripe fullness of her softness even as I pulled her loins hard, harder against mine...

While her hands slid up and down my spine, now stroking gently, now scoring my flesh with her fingernails—raking me with rapture—then sliding down to tease and tickle the base of my spine...

Wordlessly, achingly, we slid to the soft floor of the sylvan glade and had at each other...

Her long and lovely legs scissored against and between mine, her hot and avid mouth pressed kisses over my face, my eyes, my ears, my neck and throat...

Even as I kissed her, as we kissed each other...

Wildly, frenziedly, scrabbling and twisting and writhing and churning, we pressed our bodies together, our lips together, while our hands and arms pulled us together...

And it wasn't as if a SADISTO (one of, if not the most, dreaded undercover terrorist agencies in the Free World, as we know it) agent and a KRUNCH (an

organization devoted to cold-blooded robbery, looting, killing and worse—for profit) agent were grappling but, such is the wordless wonder of love (or at least sex)—it was as if two children were playing together...

Playing the lustiest games they could think of!

Playing ferocious forbidden games—shocking, uninhibited games, depraved, delightful games...

My kind of games!

Karlotta's kind too, evidently—for the more I gambitted the more she ployed, the lustier I got, the more lewd and lascivious she became.

And it was good... Also bad! And the best of both, which is to say—it was human.

And *wow!* did we act like a male human and a female human in a hurry!

You—that is to say a detached, disinterested observer—you would have thought the survival, if not the very origin of the human species depended upon the bliss battle we fought.

(But I doubt very much that any normal, or even moderately abnormal observer, human or animal, could have remained detached for long—not while watching Karlotta and I clash and clench, kiss and caress, fondle and feel-up, squeeze and squirm against each other...)

I felt an uncoiling, twisting, writhing spasm of desire lash through my lower body, felt my hormones sing, felt the blood in my head begin to throb, the eagerness in my loins climb, and climb and climb to new and expectant heights...

And every place she touched me, I felt the tingling excitement of sex, her sex, all sex...

I felt the driving drum-beat of desire, the pulsing pressure of passion, the superb and almost supernatural song of sex.

Pure sex and passion-laden sex, total sex, ultimate

sex, distilled, concentrated, super-charged, fuel-injected, ultraresponsive, highly keyed, all-encompassing sex...

Karlotta's flesh seemed to undulate beneath my groping, stroking fingers—her breast and thigh and buttock flesh seemed to ripple and yield beneath my clawing hands, the burning bliss of her body scorched my searching lips, my seeking and finding tongue...

Her body was my playground—and my body hers.

And how we played, and played and played...

We made up the rules as we went along, and changed the rules at will, and whim...

And Aphrodite looked down and smiled, and so did Cupid—more power to him...

And Karlotta gasped as I clutched her breast, and fingered her loins and made her rock...

And I gasped as she stroked my chest, and then stroked down till she stroked my masculinity...

Overhead the tall trees tossed their sun-kissed leaves, and desire drifted through the leafy branches, around us the sounds of the forest were stilled, as if every wild thing were listening to the tormented sob of our breathing, the sibilant stroking of flesh against flesh, the liquid response of lips to lips...

"Wild thing," I gasped, "keep moving me the way you've been moving me so far..."

And she did...

And I moved her...

And made her jump and gasp and squeal and sob and moan and gurgle and whimper with delight...

As I clutched and kneaded and worked the proud haughty mountains of her finger-yeilding breasts, as I toyed with the textured tactile treats of her hot, pulsing, fully erect nipples.

As I let my groping, exploring fingers infiltrate every wine-sweet sanctuary of her body.

As her hands slid over me, and my hands slid over

her.

As we writhed and twisted and wrestled together.

As we set each other afire with sexual delight and ever mounting sexual needs.

I thrust her harshly down on the soft, mossy forest floor; thrust her down and crouched above the creamy softness of her body as a wild beast might crouch astride his prey.

And then I bent my bared fangs—and devoured her.

Bent and ate her, metaphorically speaking. Devoured the delight of her body with my eyes, inhaled the heady perfume of her flesh, savored the sweetness of her soft skin, tasted the joys of her lush forbidden fruit, chewed lustily if playfully on the incredibly soft succulence of her flesh...

Her breast flesh...

And buttock flesh...

And belly flesh...

All of her flesh was a feast spread before my kissing, tonguing, nibbling, hungry male mouth.

And I tasted her body, all of her body, and I thrilled even as I felt her thrill, felt shudder after spasm after quiver after wriggle ripple through her body.

What a banquet of bliss was her body...

How meant for the cupping caress of my lips, her breasts...

How meant for the sliding touch of my tongue, her thighs...

How responsive to both her loins...

And how I kissed her!

Kissed the creamy sculptured hotness of her ripely projecting breasts. Kissed the crimson candles of her throbbing nipples, distended with desire, responsive to every nuance of touch my lips and tongue could convey. Kissed the hollow of her throat, the deep V between her breasts, the dimpled node of her belly, the wondrous cleft of her femininity...



I kissed her thighs, her upper thighs and lower thighs, her outer thighs and inner thighs, the fronts and the backs of her thighs ... I kissed her up and I kissed her down, the soft, fuzzy, feminine down of her lovely legs ... I kissed her (after rolling her rapturously over) kissed her roiling, rolling rump ... kissed my way up her spine to the nape of her neck, where I parted her tawny hair and kissed her the more ...

And then I rolled her over on her lovely back again and kissed my way down the wide and wanton freeway of her flesh, down to her tawny, torrid, tempting thrill zone.

And still I kissed her, while her long legs slid wide apart across the soft moss and the rustling leaves, kissed her where she wanted to be kissed, where I wanted to kiss her, and there I kissed her—kissed her with my avid mouth, suctioning her hard with my vacuuming lips, then probing and exploring her deep with my practiced tongue.

My tongue which teased her and titillated her, stroked her and slid across her most responsive flesh, my tongue which stirred her, liquidly caressed her, urged her, tickled her, taunted her, tormented her, excited her, inflamed her, aroused her and, again and again, deep-suctioned her until she was sobbing and whimpering with rapture, until her shapely heels were slamming against the turf almost convulsively.

I felt her hands stroke my head, claw my neck and scalp, thrust me wildly closer against her body, tighter against her body.

And still I kissed her, kissed her as her fingernails raked my neck and head, kissed her as my own hands slid around the rounded ripeness of her buttocks to grip and grasp her yielding rump flesh and pull her tighter to me, pull myself tighter to her as—

I kissed her and kissed her and kissed her ...

It was too late to stop, far too late to even think of

stopping. I was too enraptured with the symphony of pleasure I was playing on her body, and she was too crazed with ecstasy to survive my stopping, even if I'd wanted to, and I didn't want to, I wanted to do nothing but kiss her, and arouse her, and excite her—and I did!

And she went wild.

She became sexually insane.

Emotionally undone.

Became all she-animal, all lust, all desire, all passion, all rapture ...

And I was animalizing her, lusting her, desiring her, passioning her, rapturing her ...

Expertly, erotically, deliberately, demoniacally I drove her inch by inch up the glowing stairway of sexual no-return—and then, with a swirl and a stab, and then a dozen-dozen swirls and stabs with my tongue, I drove her over the brink of bliss, sent her hurtling over and out ...

Out into a sea of sparkling sexual stars.

A limitless ocean of delight ...

And she sobbed ... and sighed ... and knew ecstasy.

After which I stopped kissing her, sprawled tiredly on the soft moss, closed my eyes.

Long moments passed and then I felt her gliding touch, felt her hands moving over my body, moving down my body.

First her hands and then her lips.

Her scorching, suctioning, consuming lips.

Her lips which knew their target and hit it first try, and hit it again and again ... strokingly, liquidly, enfoldingly ... while her tongue traced lazy spirals of intimacy, ecstasy, traced them shamelessly, wonderfully ...

I sighed and lay back, trying to relax, trying to hold back the surging tides of desire I felt raging within me ... trying to ignore the clasping grip of her soft hands, the softer grip of her lips, the impudent challenge and

the erotic coaxing of her tongue.

For long lovely moments, moments which stretched into minutes, I held back the floodgates of my own inner rapture.

And then I surrendered myself to the soft suction of her lips, the teasing caress of her hands and fingers, the twirling temptation of her tongue . . .

And joy jetted through me, jetted up from me, pulsingly, spurtingly, glowingly, powerfully, gloriously . . .

And she never stopped kissing me . . .

And so time passed.

After which, of course, we got down to business.

Side by side and mutually naked, I cradled Karlotta in my arms, and she cradled me.

"*Lover*," she whispered, "is there anything sweeter than making love—ardent, sexy, physical love—in a sylvan glade?"

There is, of course, as both she and I knew; but her question was, of course, rhetorical, so I didn't answer truthfully.

"Nothing," I told her, nuzzling her lovely face, kissing the tip of her turned-up nose, kissing shut her sky-blue eyes, then bending a little and kissing her crimson nipples just for the fun of it. Or more correctly, them.

"Why don't we—you and I—forget the world and worldly things," she murmured. "Forget *SADISTO* and *KRUNCH*, forget everything but—love . . ."

"Love?" I queried softly.

"Well, sex," she amended.

"That," I reminded her, "is what Antony told Cleopatra or vice-versa; historians still can't decide . . ."

"Wasn't that a romantic if star-crossed romance?" sighed Karlotta.

"Which ended in Mark Antony falling on his sword

and Cleopatra getting bitten in the boobies by a snake," I pointed out.

"You're right," said Karlotta. "I wouldn't want you to fall on *your* sword," she chuckled suggestively, sliding her hands down my body and then grasping me shamelessly. "It might get injured. And as for my boobies—I'd rather *you* nibbled them."

"Sweet," I murmured sentimentally, stooping and chewing playfully on her proud pectoral pleasure domes.

"And so," she murmured, "instead of remaining two innocent children fleeing the harsh realities of the world we must get back to brutal business."

"Exactly," I said, rolling rapidly off her and scooping up my Walther PPK. "Let's have it, baby!"

"Silly boy—you've already taken it!" she smiled, but with her sky-blue eyes fixed on my gun.

"I wasn't talking about your luscious young body," I snapped. "I want the goods you have to sell us. Don't stall, possibly doomed damsel. My boss, the General, got a call from you late last night. On his private line yet."

"How startled he must have been," laughed Karlotta, sitting up and stretching, "to get a call from a *KRUNCH* kolonel on his top secret hot line . . ."

"Don't stall," I warned, thumbing back the safety on my automatic. "He knew—I knew—we all know there's only one reason a *KRUNCH* kolonel would call *SADISTO* and make a date to meet their top agent."

"That's what I did," agreed Karlotta, stretching some more—no doubt in part because she knew the fantastic effect her stretching had on her passion swollen breasts. Like it made them thrust out like . . . but smiles pale before Karlotta's breasts.

"And the General was most apologetic," she went on, "because his top agent was busy. So he said he'd send you instead. And after thinking it over I decided

I kissed her thighs, her upper thighs and lower thighs, her outer thighs and inner thighs, the fronts and the backs of her thighs ... I kissed her up and I kissed her down, the soft, fuzzy, feminine down of her lovely legs ... I kissed her (after rolling her rapturously over) kissed her roiling, rolling rump ... kissed my way up her spine to the nape of her neck, where I parted her tawny hair and kissed her the more ...

And then I rolled her over on her lovely back again and kissed my way down the wide and wanton freeway of her flesh, down to her tawny, torrid, tempting thrill zone.

And still I kissed her, while her long legs slid wide apart across the soft moss and the rustling leaves, kissed her where she wanted to be kissed, where I wanted to kiss her, and there I kissed her—kissed her with my avid mouth, suctioning her hard with my vacuuming lips, then probing and exploring her deep with my practiced tongue.

My tongue which teased her and titillated her, stroked her and slid across her most responsive flesh, my tongue which stirred her, liquidly caressed her, urged her, tickled her, taunted her, tormented her, excited her, inflamed her, aroused her and, again and again, deep-suctioned her until she was sobbing and whimpering with rapture, until her shapely heels were slamming against the turf almost convulsively.

I felt her hands stroke my head, claw my neck and scalp, thrust me wildly closer against her body, tighter against her body.

And still I kissed her, kissed her as her fingernails raked my neck and head, kissed her as my own hands slid around the rounded ripeness of her buttocks to grip and grasp her yielding rump flesh and pull her tighter to me, pull myself tighter to her as—

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I sighed and lay back, trying to relax, trying to hold back the surging tides of desire I felt raging within me ... trying to ignore the clasp grip of her soft hands, the softer grip of her lips, the impudent challenge and

to say yes."

"Nonsense," I frowned.

But to myself I thought: *Can she possibly be telling the truth? It would be just like the General to promote somebody over my head—me, the senior SADISTO agent. A man hated and feared, not to mention loathed and despised, throughout the Free World. And the Un-Free World treated me with respect, too. But no; she was just putting me on. Of course I was still the top SADISTO agent...*

"Don't change the subject," I snarled. "As I was saying, there's only one reason a KRUNCH kolonel would make a date to meet SADISTO's top, repeat top agent. And that is, obviously, to sell out."

"You cad!" she cried. "Have you no respect for a young lady?"

"You—a lady?" I sneered. "Sure, you may be beautiful—stunningly beautiful, in fact. And you may be, in fact obviously are, young—twenty-two? Twenty-three? But as for your being a lady..."

I flipped open the lid of my picnic box, took out the bottle of champagne (Dom Draconis, '57) and the chilled champagne glasses, whipped out a dossier.

"Karlotta Karnivore," I read, "Joined KRUNCH's strength through being in Killjoy Youth Organization while in grammar school. Became a KRUNCH kub ko-ordinator in junior high school. Graduated KRUNCH kum laude. In high school organized teenage KRUNCH kat-house, infiltrated *kercele Francais*, elected president of Kappa Kappa KRUNCH sorority. In kollege—I mean college—won KRUNCH koed scholarship, attended New School for Anti-Social Research, won honors in komputers, khemistry, kalkululus, kalisthenics, khoreography, kulture and—etc., etc.

"Youngest KRUNCH kadet in East Coast kadre. Elected KRUNCH korporal, then KRUNCH kaplane

Reported to have been promoted to KRUNCH kolonel 1965. Assumed to have been responsible for demise of 31 U.N.C.L.E. agents, 19 G.A.L.A.X.Y. agents, 16 P.U.R.E. agents, 4 SADISTO agents, and for giving Secret Agent Flint a real hard time. This khick—I mean chick—is armed at all times and should be kon—I mean considered—extremely dangerous. All SADISTO agents are requested and required, if they should locate this erotic enemy agent, to (1) kill her quick, and (2) report her extinction to SADISTO HQ, so a celebration party may be scheduled."

"That," I snapped, tossing the dossier aside, "is part of your file at SADISTO. Part only. In our *High Lights* sheet we only list secret agents you've killed, or we presume you have killed. Ordinary run-of-the-mill men, women and children aren't listed. I suppose you've slaughtered hundreds?"

"Haven't we all?" murmured Karlotta. "But I think it's nice that you folks at SADISTO—as we at KRUNCH—only keep track of, and take seriously, the secret agents we manage to knock off."

"It's like fighter pilots in both World Wars I and II—they kept track only of other pilots and planes shot down—nobody worried about or kept track of the number of civilians or soldiers strafed, or the casualties of bombing raids."

"We secret agents are like those old-time pilots, above the law as they were above the trenches. Lesser breeds are... beneath notice. I glanced through our file on you, 0008, for example. Remember that caper you pulled in Albania a few years back?"

"Sure," I snarled. "People keep reminding me. I got my man, didn't I?"

"Just so," chuckled Karlotta. "You were assigned to kill a member of ALATROCITY—the Albanian Spy-Terrorist Organization. And you got him—while he was visiting the Central Albanian Old Folks and



Orphans Combined Community House—which you blew up, causing the sudden demise of some three thousand contented kids and old folks—plus your target, of course. And you know how that incident is listed in our files? April, 1964. Killed ALATROCITY agent XZC-43. Period. No mention at all of the other two thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine other victims of your bomb.”

I shrugged. “Naturally. They were merely civilians. Nobody counts civilians. I mean, if we did, why—why—we’d most likely have to stop dropping napalm all over Vietnam and Cambodia. Don’t talk nonsense.”

“Just digressing,” she chuckled. “But show me—what else do you have in that picnic basket of yours?”

“Just—this!” I said dramatically, thrusting in my hands and pulling out—stack upon stack of thousand dollar bills!

“Here’s your pay-off,” I sneered. “One million dollars. Now are you ready to sell out?”

Karlotta said nothing, she just spluttered.

“Don’t splutter,” I snarled. “I’ve bought out more than one turncoat enemy agent in my time. What did you do, kid? Break a rule? Miss a target? Talk too much? No matter. You’re ready to defect, obviously, or you wouldn’t have called my boss, the General, and made a date to meet SADISTO’s top agent—me!”

“Don’t,” sneered Karlotta, “be too sure!”

“Nonsense,” I scoffed. “You *must* be planning to defect. Or why would you be here? Alone in this sylvan glade with me?”

“Did it ever occur to you,” purred Karlotta, finger-combing her tawny tresses, “that I might still be a fanatically loyal KRUNCH agent? That I might be here merely to arrange a temporary truce between KRUNCH and SADISTO?”

“Bosh!” I scoffed. “A truce between KRUNCH and SADISTO? Sooner a truce between U.N.C.L.E. and

THRUSH!”

“Which has occurred,” she purred. “In the incident subsequently written up as—*The Dagger Affair!*”

I thought.

Confound it, she was right . . .

“But that temporary truce,” I objected, “was arranged only because a greater menace faced both U.N.C.L.E. and THRUSH.”

“And now,” sighed Karlotta, “an equal menace faces both SADISTO and KRUNCH. Like, for different reasons, we both want the United States to stay wealthy and prosperous, right?”

“Right,” I agreed. “We of SADISTO, of course, want the U.S. to remain wealthy and prosperous on account of we’re an American agency. Also, we depend upon tax revenues for our budget. But KRUNCH—”

“Preys upon American wealth. Also the wealth of other nations, of course. But the loss of the American market would be a severe financial blow to KRUNCH. Like we fleece, extort, swindle or steal a large proportion of our annual income from the States. Naturally we wish to protect the, heh, heh, fields we harvest . . .”

“And American wealth is in danger?” I gasped.

“Right. Likewise America, period. At least, the America we all know and, in various ways, love. If American civilization should crumble completely—SADISTO would be out of business and KRUNCH would be hit severely, financially speaking.”

“And such a menace exists?” I queried.

“Does it ever,” moaned Karlotta. “And, sob, I must confess that in some ways KRUNCH is to blame. Like we *trusted* her, *trained* her, financed her diabolical experiments, smiled and looked away when she used dozens upon dozens of screaming human beings in her fiendish researches . . .”

“How bestial!” I gasped. “We at SADISTO of course experiment upon, cut open, torture, and use as

live targets hundreds—if not thousands—of human beings every year. But we only use up human raw material for the ultimate benefit of the Free World, as SADISTO defines that term. Which is loosely."

"Well, we at KRUNCH define our aims more succinctly. Like, if it will pay off, we'll back it. No matter how many innocent or allegedly innocent people get hurt. Or tortured. Or deaded-up. But that, of course, is our creed. I mean creed."

"Of course," I agreed. "We all know that. KRUNCH may be diabolical, but its aims are always predictable. Like KRUNCH kraves kash—I mean cash."

"Right," sighed Karlotta. "But once in a while, very rarely, we train a—turncoat! A chick who goes like fanatic on us. And such was the lamentable case with—Psychedelia Schmidt!"

"Psychedelia," I gasped, "Schmidt?"

"Exactly. We paid for her early education, paid for her college education, paid for her trips, paid for her peyote, her mescaline, her pot, her hash, her mushrooms, her sugar cubes."

"And?" I interjected.

"She craved more. More money, more mescaline, more mind-expanding drugs. Eventually she asked for so much LSD that we, choke, sob, decided it would be economically more expedient if her research unit manufactured their own."

"Tsk, ts," I commented. "I understand that the synthesis of LSD is a relatively simple matter for anyone with a sound knowledge of chemistry and some relatively simple basic equipment..."

"How right you are," moaned Karlotta. "Unknownst to KRUNCH, Psychedalia began stock-piling LSD. And stock-piling and stock-piling. Until she was like loaded."

"How ghastly!" I footnoted.

"Just so. And when, just this month, we sent a routine query to her asking how much money the project she was heading up might bring in, she responded by—vanishing!"

"How disloyal," I muttered. "And she vanished in order to—"

"Perpetuate a mad scheme of her own devising," groaned Karlotta. "She intends to . . . but the full secret is too horrible to be other than whispered in your ears. She intends to..."

And she whispered in my ear.

And I reeled back.

For never, ever, had I heard such a mad scheme! Never had I suspected that such hatred of humanity could exist! Not once had I dreamed that—but I anticipate...

## Chapter 3

"SO THAT'S PSYCHEDELIA'S mad scheme, eh?" I gasped. "Why—why it's perfectly feasible! Easy in fact! And it would just about demolish the whole fabric of American life!"

"Just so," agreed Karlotta. "And as you say, it will, sob, be dead easy for her to do. For anyone to do. The wonder is, in fact, that some psychedelic pscrewball hasn't done it already, at least on a small scale."

"They have," I muttered. "Criminal clowns have already spiked people's drinks with LSD without telling them. Resulting, in a number of cases, in the death of the unsuspecting victims. Like one girl killed herself because she thought she was going insane..."

"Right," said Karlotta. "But if making a batch of electric kool-aid can cause chaos at a small party—just imagine the result of turning on an entire city, dozens of cities!"

I nodded morosely. I, like most of my readers no doubt, had read the dire warnings issued by the experts...

(For those few who didn't read them, and aren't hip to the hallucinogens, a word of explanation which swingers can skip: LSD—lycergic acid diethylamide—is one of the most potent chemicals ever compounded. A microscopic amount is enough to flip a person—pleasantly or dreadfully, depending upon the mood of the person taking it, their emotional stability, etc. etc. And LSD is appallingly easy to manufacture in large quantities if one has the chemical know-how and the right equipment.

It is also an odorless, tasteless chemical. You don't know you've swallowed it—until you start flying! And I mean *flying*. Hence, expert after expert has warned that some day some anti-social type might dump a few pounds of LSD into the reservoir of a major city, like New York or L.A. And turn on millions...)

"And—how much LSD did you estimate Psychedelia has manufactured?" I queried.

"We don't know exactly. As with all KRUNCH research projects, she was of course given complete freedom of operation—plus all the money she asked for. Before she dropped out of sight she destroyed all the lab records, but our best guess, based on the number of chemical deliveries and the size of the plant she had, is that she may have in her possession, or well-hidden some place, about two tons of LSD."

"Two tons?" I moaned. "Why—that's more than enough to turn on every man, woman and infant in the world! Several times!"

"Right," sighed Karlotta. "Psychedelia, however, apparently intends to limit herself to ruining America. And, *choke*, she has the means, and *groan*, the motivation to do just that!"

"Why," I asked, "does she hate her native land?"

Why this fanatical vendetta against the home of the brave and the land of the relatively free?"

"Who," shrugged Karlotta, "can fathom the mind of a lunatic? And there seems to be no doubt but that Psychodelia has flipped her lid but good. No doubt she was unstable to begin with—our psychiatric tests, given her when she enlisted, showed that."

"And you hired her anyway?" I frowned.

"Right. Like many brilliant scientific minds are a bit off. Half the great scientific discoveries have been made by men—and girls—who were eccentric at best. If not more than a little cracked. Real scientific progress comes not from the plodding detail work which logical, rational, unimaginative if brilliant minds can do easily—but from the intuitive flights of the mind that only the creative are capable of. And very often creative scientists, like poets or painters, are—neurotic ... nervous ... eccentric ... off-beat ... unconventional ... moody ... the whole bit, you know?"

I nodded. I knew. I'd had an affair with a girl writer once. What a nut she'd been ... And she'd only been a hack writer. I shudder to think what a girl poet might be like ...

"So," continued Karlotta, "we hired her despite her emotional instability. And she did fine work for us. Perfected a number of new knock-out gasses for KRUNCH. Improved the inks our Counterfeiting Department uses to make bogus bills. Did any number of brilliant if bestial things with chemicals. For the benefit and profit of KRUNCH International."

"Deplorable," I muttered.

"So when she asked for a multi-million dollar lab to conduct pure research on the hallucinogens, we naturally gave it to her. Unlike SADISTO, which is deplorably practical-minded, KRUNCH encourages pure research. Some of our most brilliant if horrible weapons and devices have come from research which had

no foul intent."

"Reprehensible," I commented.

"Anyway, to make a long story short, KRUNCH's psychiatrists have concluded that the intensive self-experimentation with pot, peyote, mescaline, mushrooms and LSD that Psychodelia engaged in pushed her just far enough around the bend for her to jump the tracks. Like she went—and is still—loco!"

"But why," I persisted, "does she have a mad on at the whole United States?"

"Because, in the words of the rambling note she left behind for us to find, it is there. Actually, we believe that her insane obsession started with a dispute she had with the Department of Internal Revenue."

"Ah!" I said.

"Yes. Seems they once disallowed a tax deduction she'd made. She argued, they ignored her; she took the case to court—and lost. She became consumed with hatred for the Department of Internal Revenue."

"She's not alone in that," I muttered, remembering tax deductions I'd had disallowed.

"From that it was but a short step to her becoming consumed with hatred for all U.S. Government Departments—Post Office, Agriculture, Fish and Wildlife—the whole lot ... She decided, to again quote from her rambling, not to say fanatical letter, that the U.S. Government had to go."

"How unpatriotic," I averred.

"And she decided that the best way to demolish the U.S. Government was to cut off its funds. Which she plans to do by sending nine-tenths of the nation on a trip. Via LSD. With everybody flying, nobody would bother to work. Hence nobody would make any money. And the Government couldn't collect any taxes."

"Even assuming," I morosed, "that all the tax collectors weren't busy flying themselves ..."

"Just so. The fact that her mad plan would also



destroy—or at least irreparably damage—the entire American economy is, apparently, incidental to *Psychodelia*."

I nodded thoughtfully. And gloomily. I could just picture it . . .

A thousand furtive figures lurking by a thousand city reservoirs, each looking at their furtive wrist watches. At a pre-determined hour each furtive figure would drop a pound—or fifty pounds, depending upon the size of their target reservoir—of LSD into the dark waters below them.

Then they'd scurry cackling on their way.

While, rapidly, the LSD dissolved—and the stuff dissolves easily . . .

Within a matter of minutes, or hours at most, billions of gallons of drinking water would be loaded with the stuff. The tasteless, odorless, almost undetectable stuff . . .

"Uh, is this stuff detectable?" I queried.

"Only with specialized laboratory equipment," said Karlotta. "Which not one water department in the nation has."

I shuddered inwardly. I'd figured as much . . .

"Well might you shudder inwardly," sighed Karlotta. "Her mad scheme is doomed to succeed. Unless we find and fix her, that is. Find her fast and fix her good."

I nodded absently. I was still imagining the effects of *Psychodelia*'s mad (but perfectly feasible) plan . . .

Guard the reservoirs? Impractical. Also just about impossible. How could you guard enormous reservoirs, most if not all of which were off in the country in the first place? Even an armed guard every few feet—and it would take the entire standing army to do that, plus the National Guard, the state police, and every cop who could be spared to do the job. Even so, you couldn't keep determined fanatics from dumping a

few pounds of LSD just about when and where they pleased.

They could pack the stuff into cans or jars, hurl it in from a distance. Launch it from a long way away by means of a grenade throwing attachment on a rifle. Or dump it from an airplane.

And even if you could guard every reservoir, machine-gun every person who came within half-a-mile, shoot down every plane that flew near—how could you guard the rivers that filled the reservoirs?

You couldn't!

You couldn't successfully *poison* a nation's water supply—I knew that because, as a routine training exercise, SADISTO's Planning and Plotting Board had tried to figure ways to do just that. The trouble was—and is—that every known poison is too easily diluted. Take a hundred gallons of arsenic and dump it, say, into the Colorado River.

The result? A lot of dead fish near where you dumped it.

But a few miles down river the arsenic would be so diluted, mixed with millions, billions of gallons of water, that you could safely drink it.

LSD, on the other hand, was more powerful by a factor of tens of millions. The stuff that gets passed around dissolved into sugar cubes is, of course, enormously diluted even before a single drop is placed on the cube.

The raw chemical, on the other hand . . .

A few dozen barrels of the stuff dumped into the Colorado River would turn on the entire West Coast. Not to mention Arizona, Nevada and a large part of Mexico.

Early one morning a hundred million sleepy citizens would arise. And turn on their taps (little knowing or suspecting that their taps would soon turn them on).

Some poor fools would actually drink a glass of the

stuff.

And—ZAP!

They'd be flying.

Others would merely brush their teeth. Or take a shower with their mouths partly open.

And—ZIP!

They'd be bombed out of their skulls ...

Others might not drink any water, gargle, wash their teeth or take a shower with their mouths partly open.

They'd still get it as soon as they brewed—and drank—their morning coffee.

(Because boiling, of course, has no effect upon LSD.)

Tens of millions of smiling husbands would lower their coffee cups and say, smilingly, to their coffee guzzling wives, "That coffee was really good to the last drop! What brand of—"

SWOOSH!

They'd be in orbit.

Along with their wives and children.

Even people who didn't drink water, wash, or guzzle coffee or tea would get zonked—by slurping soup. Or stew. Or eating vegetables cooked in tap water.

Milk and beer drinkers would get only a temporary reprieve. For breweries, of course, use water in making beer. And cows drink water all the time. Water which would get turned into milk. Milk which would then turn on tiny tots ...

A hundred million trippers ... Or perhaps a hundred-fifty million ...

Far-out families across the nation ...

Great-grandmothers and balling babies ...

Even dogs, cats and canaries hallucinating like wild ...

What chaos!

What wild scenes!

Every hamlet a Greenwich Village!

Every village a branch of *El Chupador*!

Swinging secretaries and ecstatic executives ...

Blissful bus drivers and hallucinating housewives ...

Giggling garment workers ... flying farmers ... chortling chiropodists ... dazed dentists ... rhapsodic riveters ... soaring salesmen ... puzzled Pekingese ...

An entire nation—or at least half a nation—turned on at the same time ...

Millions of unstable types would go out of their minds in a matter of minutes, of course.

Jump from third story windows in the certain belief that they'd float gently to earth. Drive through crowded streets doing a hundred and fifty. Or run screaming in panic, beating at their skulls to try—in vain—to rid themselves of the visions they saw and the voices they heard.

Beautiful babes would go berserk—tear off their clothes.

(Or would they? No; that was just wishful thinking on my part.)

But plenty of people would get shaken up as they'd never been shaken up before.

The more so in that they wouldn't know what was happening to them. One minute they'd be normal and the next minute they'd be on cloud nine with Technicolor monsters snuggled alongside them.

It would be bad, real bad; no doubt about that. Thanks to my thorough SADISTO scientific training I knew that the mental and emotional state of the subject had everything to do with the effect LSD had on him or her.

And the absolute worst way to take the stuff is *not* to know you've taken the stuff.

If, as I frankly doubt, one of my readers has taken an LSD trip I'm sure he or she will agree that if what happened to them then—when they *knew* they were off on a trip—had happened to them years back when they didn't even know there was such a thing as LSD,

had happened without warning . . .

*Flipsville!*

Nightmare-land revisited.

Terror personified—in glowing natural color with stereophonic sound.

An entire nation would grind to a halt. While its citizens sat in corners and giggled.

(Or screamed and ran wild.)

Astronauts would decline to get launched—already in orbit, why should they bother to blast off the hard way?

Ad men would elect to not write singing detergent commercials—why sing when you can swing?

Factory hands would spiral through purple clouds to fairy lands forlorn—forlorn but sexy . . .

Farm workers would opt not to toil—why, when they were seeing sights they'd never seen before on sea or land, glimpsing the evocation of the poet's dream . . .

(To mangle quotations.)

Unimaginative bank clerks would ride the wild west wind with Shelley—Shelley Winters, that is . . .

Hard-hearted business men would find their cheeks wet with idle tears from the depths of some divine despair . . .

Straggle-haired housewives would find themselves drifting down savage and enchanted places to await their demon lovers . . . Await and then meet and mate with same . . .

Huge cloudy symbols of high romances would be within the reach of all . . .

Consciousness-expanding drugs would grip an entire nation—expand the consciousness of tens upon tens of millions . . .

And deplorable things would start happening.

Alcoholics—or fifty per cent of them, if we can believe preliminary tests made in Canada—would kick the drunkenness habit after one trip with LSD.

And the liquor business would slump . . .

Narrow-minded citizens would find their minds swinging wide open—joy would visit them, peace would lap them 'round, philosophical insight would descend upon them . . .

Resulting in a deplorable drop in contributions to hard-core right-wing political organizations.

(My kind of organization!)

And worse would happen . . .

Napalm factory workers would stay away from their jobs in order to dream and contemplate ultimate realities—hence napalm wouldn't get packaged and shipped, and all across Vietnam vicious women and babies wouldn't get burned alive.

What horrors Psychedelia's plan would perpetuate!

Because, worst of all, the effects of LSD—when beneficial—are often lasting. Life-long lasting.

There would be a real and present danger of the napalm factory workers not ever returning to their jobs—a danger of their joining rotten peace-mongering organizations instead.

And—oh, ultimate horror!—what if some of our brave fly-boys on leave should quaff LSD-drenched water and decide not to bomb any more villages?

There are, alas, precedents. Some rotten pacifistic Nazi soldiers during the Second World War had refused to gas any more millions of imprisoned members of inferior races. Had actually declined to obey legitimate orders to machine-gun helpless women and children. They were dealt with firmly by the legitimate government of Germany at that time, of course. Like they'd been executed.

And doubtless we could deal harshly with any of our brave fly-boys who refused to incinerate vicious Viet Cong, or suspected Viet Cong, or presumed Viet Cong, or possibly or conceivably Viet Cong villagers.

But think of the blow to our international image!

Deplorable . . .

Enough to make a fanatically patriotic man—like me—weep . . .

And all this and chaos too from a truckload of LSD dumped into the rivers and reservoirs of America . . .

Obviously, something had to be done.

And I was the man to do it . . .

## Chapter 4

I TURNED AND LOOKED at the vicious if voluptuous KRUNCH kutie by my side.

"I can see, Karlotta," I conceded, "why KRUNCH might come crying to SADISTO for help. KRUNCH has played Frankenstein and unleashed a monster on the world. Or more correctly the United States."

"Accidents will happen," snapped Karlotta. "And we haven't come crying for help—only to suggest a temporary truce. To end as soon as we track down and demolish this Psychedelia doll."

I nodded my head thoughtfully. Her plan—KRUNCH's plan—made sense. Psychedelia was a threat to both our organizations not to mention the entire continental United States.

And by working together there was little doubt but that we could do a better, or at least faster job of



tracking the troublesome temptress down. Like KRUNCH had her dossier, knew her habit patterns, could provide us leads. And undoubtedly had contacts throughout the criminal United States.

SADISTO, on the other hand, had manpower and girlpower greater than KRUNCH could boast. Also better transportation and communications. Our computers and KRUNCH's komputers could get together, compare notes and clues . . .

Yes.

"All right," I said. "I agree. A truce. A *temporary* truce. My decision will have to be ratified by the General, of course, but I'm sure he'll agree with my recommendations. So—much against my principles though it is—here is my hand!"

I thrust my hand out.

Karlotta shook it.

"You sure make a big production out of a handshake," she complained. "Wild and wanton sex is okay, eh, but handshaking is serious business?"

I nodded. Useless to explain how important the ancient ritual of handshaking was to a man. Being a mere girl, she wouldn't understand the masculine viewpoint.

"Seeing you're a mere male," she sighed, "I suppose there's no sense in trying to explain the feminine viewpoint—which is that shaking hands matters little, but sex is something you think twice about."

"You," I sneered, "didn't think twice before splendoring in the grass with me."

"Yes I did," she smiled. "I thought about it first when I was riding with you in your red convertible. It was your naked knees that turned me on . . ."

"Really?" I said, glancing proudly down at my knees. "But we digress. Come—the game's afoot! We must leave this sylvan glade. Speaking of sylvan glades, whose idea was it to tryst here?"

"A computer's," she said. "When I called the General to arrange this meeting, I told him I'd go anywhere in the world—but no place that might be booby-trapped by SADISTO. So we agreed to pick a place by chance."

"By chance?" I frowned.

"Yes. First I asked him if the meeting place should be town or country. His computers, programmed for random choice, picked country. Our computers—also programmed for random choice—then picked the United States. His computers picked the Eastern Seaboard. Ours suggested a State, Interstate or Federal Park. His picked this place. Ours picked the exact spot. That was two hours ago."

I nodded. Both the General and KRUNCH had sure played it cagey.

Neither side had had more than two hours advance notice of where the meeting would take place. Hence neither side had time to case the scene or arrange an ambush.

Or so, I chuckled to myself, Karlotta thought . . .

"It's a good thing," I chuckled out loud, "that I opted to agree with your suggestion. If I'd nixed your proposal, I would naturally have, heh, heh, killed you dead on the spot. This spot."

"With what?" sneered Karlotta, eyeing my naked body.

"My hands," I menaced.

"I have two hands too," she said proudly. "And I've no doubt I'm better at judo, jujitsu, karate, sabot, ginsai and shindig than you are."

"I beg to differ," I said loftily. "However, in point of fact, I would not have had to sully my hands on your luscious if evil body. I could merely have done—this!"

And sticking my fingers into my mouth I whistled twice.

Rumble!

The ground of the sylvan glade trembled as—out of the earth, dislodging a rugosa rose bush as it came—emerged the turret from a light cruiser!

With a thrum of powerful electric motors and a groan of hydraulic cylinders the huge gray turret pushed all the way up out of the earth, then swung ominously until the twin barrels of its eight-inch guns were pointing directly at Karlotta's bare stomach.

(Which mechanical feat made the turret appear a bit cross-eyed.)

Karlotta gasped.

I permitted myself a smile of casual pride.

While SADISTO had promised me close tactical support, I hadn't been certain that, in two hours, they could have tunneled for several miles under the park, then installed a complete cruiser turret with power to work it—all without disturbing the surface of the sylvan glade above it.

"Perhaps now," I smiled, "you'll have a little more respect for the awesome power of—SADISTO!"

"I'll say!" gasped Karlotta. "Why, if you snapped your fingers and had that ominous looking steel gray turret erupt flame and high explosive shells—right into my little tummy—I'd be just about ruined!"

"Just about," I agreed with a debonair laugh.

"Ruined, that is," she went on, "unless I chose to—"

She stuck two shapely fingers into her ripe-lipped mouth and whistled three times.

RUMBLE!

Up from the floor of the sylvan glade, dislodging a second rose bush, thrust the mighty turret of a battleship! With a deafening roar of power it turned until all four of its eighteen-inch guns were pointed at my vulnerable abdomen.

"Ulp," I commented.

"Just," snickered Karlotta, "so. Never underestimate the power of a girl—a KRUNCH girl!"

"But—but, this is awful!" I gasped. "I knew KRUNCH was a rich, ruthless, well-armed organization—but where in the world did you buy a battleship's gun turret?"

"We buy our battleships through the *New York Times*," Karlotta informed me.

"?" I conjectured.

"Just so. We buy all our fighting ships through the *New York Times*, in fact. The last ad I recall reading in that paper—on the back page of the business section of the Sunday edition, though one would have thought the boating section would have been more appropriate—advertised two submarines and four destroyers for sale. A redundantly worded ad, as I recall."

"Redundantly worded how?" I queried.

"Like, under the details of the ships for sale, it said: *Sold for scrapping purposes only.*"

"That is redundant, or at least unneeded," I agreed. "Like who'd buy a destroyer or a submarine except with the idea of getting into a scrap with it? Uh—real efficient of KRUNCH to have had it installed under this sylvan glade so fast."

Karlotta nodded. Proudly.

Meanwhile the SADISTO cruiser turret and the KRUNCH battleship turret had discovered each other. Which wasn't surprising, seeing as how they'd surfaced only a few score yards apart. Both turrets forgot Karlotta and me and turned, rumbling, to face each other.

Somehow the twin eight-inch guns of the SADISTO gun turret seemed puny compared to the four eighteen-inch guns of the KRUNCH battleship turret.

The girls in the SADISTO turret must have come to the same conclusion at the same time, for with a groan of gears and a horrified hiss of hydraulics, the SADISTO turret sank quickly back underground again.

The KRUNCH turret swung slowly to cover me

again. And I'd never felt more effectively covered. Like an eighteen-inch naval shell weighs two tons. They wouldn't have to shoot one at me—they could just shove one out the barrel and have it drop on me. And I'd be done for.

"It's all right, boys!" called Karlotta, waving cheerfully at the huge bulk of the gray turret. "Truce!"

The titanic turret nodded its four guns (demolishing several huge trees in the process) and sank back underground again.

I strolled over to the huge hole in the ground, at the bottom of which I could see the SADISTO turret cowering.

"It's all right, girls!" I called down. "Truce! Uh, if you feel inclined to dig your way through a few yards of subsoil, there're a bunch of bestial KRUNCH boys in the next underground bunker. For the duration of the truce, the sexing lamp is lit!"

Even through the armor plate of the turret I could hear excited girlish squeals—and an instant later the sound of frantic digging.

"Bless their prurient hearts!" I chuckled. "But come! The game ... or more correctly, Psychedelia is afoot! We must away!"

And we did.

And then, gasp, shudder—

But I anticipate ...

"What a swinging place!" gasped Karlotta as she trotted nakedly behind me through the corridors of SADISTO's headquarters—deep beneath the rolling hills of Maryland, just outside Washington, D.C.

I nodded absently. I was, of course, accustomed to the wonders of our huge underground HQ. Also to having a naked girl trot by my side as I stalked through same (we SADISTO agents dress—or fail to dress—informally as a matter of course once inside

the safety of our underground fortress).

But not since I'd escorted a girl from MEPHISTO through SADISTO's HQ (during a time of emergency when Russia's top terrorist organization had temporarily joined forces with SADISTO to stamp out a hideous menace to both nations, an erotic tale subsequently chronicled under the title *Our Girl From Mephisto*, available through your friendly local bookseller) not since then had I felt so ... protective. And annoyed at having to be protective.

Like, triple-zero agent after triple-zero agent met me in the corridors and smiled, and then stared at Karlotta and muttered: *Who's she?*

And when I replied, truthfully, *she's a KRUNCH kolonel*—agent after agent just about went ape.

Like, understandably, they figured I'd captured her and brought her back to HQ to—interrogate her.

And agent after agent, all of whom, naturally, had previously suffered more or less—but usually more—at the hands of KRUNCH, agent after agent begged to be allowed to torture her a bit just for kicks and old-times sake.

Many pleaded for permission to choke her or worse, much worse, on the spot ...

Others made useful suggestions, such as: "When you tie her naked and screaming above a bed of hot coals, be sure she's at least three feet above the glowing fire. With care she may broil and scream for eight or ten hours or even more ..." Or: "When you dunk her in acid, make sure it's a weak solution of acid—no sense in having her dissolve in a matter of minutes—not when we can giggle and gloat for hours as she melts, screaming, in a mild acid solution ..."

And I didn't make any friends when I had to push people aside with the brusque comment: "Nix. This chick's not for burning, or slicing, or chopping, or bashing, or hanging, or strangling, or dissolving, or

worse. This chick is here under a flag of truce. So hands off!"

Muttering angrily, my fellow triple-zero agents had pulled back. But reluctantly.

And I could hardly blame them.

Like what more tempting torture subject than a bona fide KRUNCH kolonel?

But.

A truce is a truce.

At least while said truce is profitable.

So I escorted Karlotta, unscathed save for a few bruises, safely down to the General's Office.

"How do you do, Miss, uh—?" said the General politely.

"Karnivore. Karlotta Karnivore," said Karlotta.

"Kwite—I mean quite," said the General. "Happy to have you, uh, aboard. And still alive. It isn't every day we entertain a lethal lady from, heh, heh, the enemy camp."

"Likewise, I'm sure," said Karlotta, settling herself into one of the General's easy chairs. "Though I must say I was surprised at the way my clothes were removed as soon as I entered SADISTO HQ."

"A routine, standard procedure," shrugged the General. "We strip and search all suspect visitors."

"I didn't say I was surprised at being stripped," snapped Karlotta, "I said I was surprised at the way my clothes were removed. Like once inside the door 0008 leaped at me drooling and ripped off my silk dress. Likewise my silk bra, silk panties, silk stockings and silk gloves."

"0008 is—impulsive," smiled the General. "But as mediocre, average, run-of-the-mill triple-zero SADISTO agents go, he's normal. A little more bestial than some of my agents, less bestial than others."

I frowned.

Karlotta smiled. "Think nothing of it. Truth to tell,

I kind of enjoy having my clothes torn from my shapely young body by a drooling, obviously appreciative male now and then. Or more frequently. But I digress. We're here to discuss the menace of *Psychodelia Schmidt!*"

"Just so," agreed the General. "And the star-crossed cooperation of KRUNCH and SADISTO is already an accomplished fact. As of half an hour ago, our banks of computers and your collected komputers have been kom ... I mean communing. In a moment, the results of that communion. But first—the first and, we hope, last upper-echelon conference between KRUNCH and SADISTO, via closed-circuit television."

He pressed a button and instantly the huge television screen which filled one entire wall of his office glowed to naturally colored life.

A split-screen: off to one side of the screen I could see Marghanita of Computer Control and Research, Senta, her shapely assistant, Pawnee, the luscious part Indian chick who headed Ordnance, Ingratia from Public Relations, Arachnidia, Calisthenia, Proserpine, Hippocratia, Lascivia and half a dozen other top-ranking SADISTO kill-cuties and executives-executioners.

On the other side of the split-screen I could see—a gallery of KRUNCH kriminals!

I recognized several of them: KRUNCH Generalissamette Salome ... KRUNCH Generalissimo Iscariot ... KRUNCH Kaptain Legree ... KRUNCH Kolonel Kane ...

And others ...

Also a number of highly respected businessmen, bank presidents, corporation executives, Senators, labor union leaders, newspaper publishers and the like. Every one a well-known, world-famous, highly respected leader of society as we know it.

"Obviously KRUNCH takes this threat that Psychodelia poses very seriously," I muttered in an

aside to the General. "Or they wouldn't have taken the drastic step of calling in all those eminently respectable businessmen, bank presidents, corporation executives, Senators, labor union leaders, newspaper publishers and the like to act as impartial referees and advisors."

"Stupid!" hissed Karlotta. "Those eminently respectable businessmen, bank presidents, corporation executives, Senators, labor union leaders, newspaper publishers and the like are KRUNCH directors!"

"Oh," I said.

"Will the meeting please come to order?" requested the General. "It has been moved by KRUNCH Kolonel Karlotta, and seconded by 0008 and me, that a temporary truce be declared between the Security and Administration Division of the Institute for Special Tactical Operations—SADISTO—and KRUNCH. All in favor please say *aye*."

A surly chorus of *ayes* assaulted our ears.

"Opposed?" said the General.

A surly silence.

"The *ayes* have it then. A temporary truce is in effect. We must be realistic about this truce, however. Everything we learn about KRUNCH will be used against KRUNCH the moment the truce ends."

"Aptly put, General," purred Karlotta. "It would be folly to expect you or us to observe the rules of fair play once the truce is over. Needless to say, all I have learned so far—and I've learned plenty—plus all I hope my fellow KRUNCH agents will learn about SADISTO in the near future will be used to kill or cruelly wound SADISTO agents."

"No doubt," sighed the General, "the subsequent slaughter will be on a large scale. Both-sides-wise. The point is, both of our organizations are willing to, as it were, expose ourselves to the enemy in order to meet and master a greater enemy—Psychodelia Schmidt!"

"My feelings exactly," pontificated a famous Senator and KRUNCH director. "For the duration of this emergency, KRUNCH and SADISTO will work as one organization. Your secrets will be our secrets, our secrets will be your secrets. Our girls will mingle nakedly with your men, your girls will be working nudely under our men. As one Team. When the time comes to part—the parting will be as violent and vicious and blood-drenched as the separation of Indians and Pakistanis, of Arabs and Israelis, of Bantu and Hansa . . . No civil war in history will be more vicious, more blood-drenched than the de-merging of SADISTO and KRUNCH. Not since—"

"Thank you, Senator," snapped Karlotta. "But later for one of your long-winded speeches. Perhaps when HUAC next convenes you can spout venom as much as you please."

I said nothing; I was too shocked. Karlotta was actually encouraging a Senator to speak out against HUAC!

"Our best estimate," said Karlotta, "is that the termination of the present alliance between KRUNCH and SADISTO will result, directly or indirectly, in the horrible death of at least one third of our loyal if depraved KRUNCH teammates, plus the loss of one billion dollars worth of KRUNCH kriminal property."

"A noble sacrifice voluntarily to make," muttered the General.

"Very true," said Karlotta. "A sacrifice only partially compensated for by the estimate that we will be able to kill at least one third of SADISTO's agents in the field, and do at least one billion dollars worth of damage to your ultrasecret organization."

"Uh, General," I said. "Before this marriage of KRUNCH and SADISTO gets consummated—I vote for instant divorce."

"Too late, 0008," sighed the General. "We—"



KRUNCH and SADISTO—are already functioning as one. Must function as one if the greater menace of Psychodelia Schmidt is to be overcome."

I said nothing. I just gnashed my teeth.

KRUNCH and SADISTO climbing, as it were, into the same bed!

Sharing secrets!

Allowing our respective agents to intermingle!

And no doubt sex it up!

Reprehensible!

Ghastly!

Revoltig!

Shocking!

Shameful!

In rather bad taste, too ...

"Let's not waste time wasting words," said Karlotta. "We all know that if Psychodelia succeeds in her mad scheme the United States as we know it will crumble and dissolve. Leaving not a wrack to speak of behind. The U.S. economy will fade, insubstantial payment-wise, into smog-filled air. SADISTO will fold for lack of funds and KRUNCH will suffer irreparable financial loss. We must, repeat *must* stop Psychodelia from dumping two tons of LSD into the drinking water of America, we know it!"

Prolonged applause, from both the Good Guys and the Bad Guys, greeted her stirring speech.

"Enough," said the General. "The deal is consummated! From now—until the demise of Psychodelia and the defeat of her mad scheme—your agents are our agents, our agents are, sob, your agents. Instead of SADISTO and KRUNCH we will have—KRISCO? SUNK?"

"Perhaps," murmured Karlotta, "it would be simpler not to merge our names—only our organizations."

"Right," said the General. "If there's no further business, this, choke, epochal meeting is adjourned. I

take it it's agreed that Miss Karlotta Karnivore will serve as Task Force Koordinator. And so," he added, rapping his gavel on his desk, "to bed—I mean to work."

And the fateful meeting came to an end.

And, with a sickly, insincere grin, I turned to smile at Karlotta Karnivore—my new boss.

## Chapter 5

"ALL RIGHT, 0008!" snarled Karlotta, placing her shapely naked hands on her even more shapely naked hips. "Shape up! Also strip so I can see what kind of shape you're in!"

Snarling, I stripped off my undershorts—the only garment I was wearing.

What a humiliation!

Ordered to strip in my own luxurious suite!

By a KRUNCH kutie yet!

But orders are orders.

So I stripped.

And stood to attention.

"Not bad," murmured Karlotta. "Not bad at all..."

"You," I muttered, "had plenty of time to check my physical qualifications during our bliss-bash in that sylvan glade!"

"True," chuckled Karlotta. "But that was quite

some time ago—several hours ago, in fact. I like to keep up-to-date."

"Grrrrr!" I snarled. But silently.

"Well, you seem to be in fair physical shape," mused Karlotta. "But perhaps I'd best—"

"Help, help!" interrupted a female voice as, into my private suite dashed—Marghanita from Computer Control and Research, her full breasts bobbing and her long black hair streaming behind her!

Into my suite she dashed with a burly, handle-bar mustached KRUNCH agent close behind her.

Uncouthly he grabbed her by her long black hair, started to drag her out of my suite.

"Oh, no you don't," sneered the uncouth KRUNCH agent, as he dragged her away. "I want to check into your input circuits—my way!"

"Oh, woe is me!" sighed Marghanita, winking lasciviously at me as she was dragged away. "I guess I have no alternative but to let this hulking broth of a brute program my input circuit any way he wishes..."

"Shocking!" I gasped.

And shuddered as I gasped. As well I might. To think that all through SADISTO HQ hulking KRUNCH kleeps were delving into SADISTO secrets—and secret SADISTO girls...

"How awful," murmured Karlotta, "to think that all through KRUNCH's formerly secret hideouts, brutal SADISTO brutes are gleefully entering out secret files—and our shapely secret file girls!"

I nodded soberly.

It was, in all truth, a sobering thought. KRUNCH agents of both sexes were roaming all over SADISTO—just as SADISTO agents were now exploring KRUNCH kuties in every hitherto secret KRUNCH lavern and kornor...

What a deplorable turn of events!

What a monstrous and totally unexpected develop-

ment!

"Stop mumbling and muttering, 0008!" snapped Karlotta. "I happen to be your new if temporary boss, remember? When I snap my fingers, I expect you to jump!"

I jumped. Partly because Karlotta had snapped her fingers, mostly because she'd goosed me quite indecently.

"Miss Karnivore!" I gasped. "Have you no sense of decency?"

"No," she said frankly. "I'm a KRUNCH kolonel, remember? And if you want me to turn in a favorable report to your boss, the General, I'd advise you to cooperate all the way ..."

"Are—are you planning on taking advantage of me?" I gasped. "Of using your temporary job superiority to force me to submit to your lewd and lascivious will?"

"I couldn't have put it better myself," snickered Karlotta. "Undress me, flunky! I have an urge to relax. And I relax best by ravishing a cringing member of the opposite sex—in this case, you!"

I gasped.

Groaned.

Then shrugged. Like orders are orders ...

And I'd had worse orders than the command to undress a curvaceous (if cruel and callous) cutie ...

So I undressed her.

It wasn't, actually, all that difficult.

First I unbuttoned the front of her dress, my hands straying and side-tracking over the curved contours of her body as I opened her up, dress-wise, from neck to hem.

She shrugged out of her dress.

Her dress which had concealed a black slip.

I slid my hands down her lovely legs, grasped the hem of her slip, pulled same over her head, tossed it

aside.

Panties and bra only now.

I slid my hands around her torrid torso, fumbled with her bra snap.

No go.

"It opens in front, stupid!" snapped Karlotta.

"Oh," I said.

She was right—her bra had an easy-open, pop-top front snap. I snapped it and—*snap!*

Her bra sprang open and off.

Revealing the splendid nakedness of her full, firm young breasts. Dual domes of delectation, tipped with the torrid turrets of her nipples—scarlet sin symbols of seductive splendor ...

"Continue, please!" snapped Karlotta.

I nodded, dropped to my knees, began to tug at her stubborn panties. Not all that stubborn, though. Like in a second or two I had them sliding down and over her hips and haunches.

But slowly.

Like why rush things?

Better—and more fun—to tug them down inch by expectant inch, baring now a bit more of her belly, now a new slope of her hips, then a teasing glimpse of her loins ...

But soon enough I had her stripped; her flimsy panties slid whispering silkenly down her shapely legs, leaving her totally, proudly, arrogantly nude ...

"Thank you, 0008," she purred, "for obeying my command instantly, obsequiously, without question ..."

"Think nothing of it," I snarled. "Only—if you dig being naked—why did you bother to have me dress you five minutes ago?"

"Because," she murmured throatily, "I just love having a man undress me. And before I can be undressed—I have to be dressed, right?"

I thought. Her logic was unassailable.

"Soon," crooned Karlotta, "we must all bend our every effort toward the common goal—that of katching and killing that renegade KRUNCH kutie, Psychedelia. But first—bend your effort my way, lover boy..."

And, since she was my (if only temporary) boss, I had no choice but to bend toward her and bend her to me.

Warmly, silently, nakedly, erotically we clasped each other—my flesh thrilling to her nakedness, her flesh no doubt tingling with the naked contact of my body.

And then we slid, still embracing, still kissing, to the softly carpeted floor of my luxurious suite.

And her body seemed to flow beneath me, spread yieldingly beneath me, and I pressed myself ardently down on top of her, on top of her rapture-packed breasts, her sultry stomach, her wide-swung thighs...

"Program my input circuits as you please!" she gasped.

And I did just that.

Thrustingly, stabbingly, pushingly, probingly, pistoningly, zestfully, extendedly and extensively...

And my new boss sighed, almost cried, moaned and then groaned, gasped and then clasped, burned and churned and yearned beneath me, rolled and writhed and wriggled and twisted and bucked and reared and plunged and lunged and responded...

Oh, how she responded...

As did I...

Every time she yanged I yinned.

Each time she throbbed I thrust.

Whenever she pulsed I pushed.

As she squeezed I surged.

While her hands stroked my back, while my hands stroked the magnificent nakedness of her body.

While, belly to belly and chest to breast, our bodies

glowed and sparked as we slid and slithered and thrust thrillingly together.

Deep, deep in her embrace I could feel the electric response of her innermost emotions. I felt the jolting joy of pumping pleasure into her—as flesh slid over flesh, flowed around flesh, stroked flesh, stirred and stimulated flesh; as mind followed matter and realization of rapturous reality kindled and rekindled expectation, and expectation was fulfilled...

I groaned and gripped her, sighed and squeezed her, pulled her to me as I pleased her.

And how I pleased her!

Like a speared dolphin, a gaffed marlin, a harpooned whale she flopped and flung and jerked and jumped, swinging her hips wide and wantonly, rearing, plunging, twisting, turning as if in agony...

And of course she was in agony—an agony of sexual delight...

Faster and faster I thrust into her all-enfolding embrace, faster and faster I pistoned her and pumped her, pleased her and pleased her...

Faster...

And faster...

Until, wondrously, incredibly, incandescently, the world came to an end and time slanted sideways and joy pervaded the universe—and it was happening, happening the wonderful way it always happens, and I pumped and she shrieked and I grunted and she soared and we had at each other again and again and again and again and again...

Successfully...

Blissfully...

Soaringly...

Sexily...

For pulse... after pulse... after pulse... after pulse...

And then we rested

And then, alas, we turned again to business.  
Brutal, bestial business . . .

Hours later we were streaking through the sky at two thousand miles an hour plus, aboard one of SADISTO's XB-170's, headed west.

"That's one little advantage you SADISTO creeps have over us KRUNCH kharacters," mused Karlotta, who was kurl'd . . . I mean curled nakedly and comfortably in the luxurious main cabin, painting her shapely toenails. "A fleet of super-jets. These crates cost half a billion each, I understand. Wealthy though we are, we only have a few KB-170 Specials."

I nodded. KRUNCH, I knew, didn't have anything like the fleet of planes and ships SADISTO boasted. But not, as Karlotta implied, because they couldn't afford it. Rather, KRUNCH, being an illegal (not to mention immoral) organization, naturally found it hard to operate very large jets or planes.

Airport officials would tend to be suspicious if a KB-170 or even a KB-52 touched down. The more so as KRUNCH planes are usually painted bright red, with the crushed skull-and-crossbones emblem of KRUNCH in bright yellow.

Hence KRUNCH usually used smaller jets, jets they could and did land at hidden airfields.

For much the same reason KRUNCH, so far as we knew, had few fighting ships larger than a destroyer—though some of their submarines were reported to be enormous.

I glanced out one of the quartz windows. Far, far below us I could see mountains and the fuzzy—from that height—green of forests.

Oregon.

A speaker crackled. "Oregon," remarked the sultry voice of the SADISTO jet pilot. "Where now?"

"Can you land at Klamath Falls?" murmured Kar-

lotta, putting the finishing touch to her toenails.

"Negative. We'll have to air-launch you. Stand by. I'll contact one of our pick-up planes."

"This Psychedelia was experimenting in Klamath Falls?" I queried.

"Hardly," said Karlotta. "But that's the nearest large airport." She blew lightly on her toenails to dry them, then slipped quickly and deftly into snug green slacks and a turtle-neck green sweater. I was already dressed warmly. Karlotta had warned me that it might be cold where we were going, even in August.

We were headed for the site—or former site—of Psychedelia's experiments. Karlotta had argued against the idea; KRUNCH, she informed me, had already checked the laboratory for clues without success.

I'd merely smiled. "We SADISTO agents are perhaps a little better at that sort of thing," I said. "Not just because our hearts are pure, but because that's our line—tracking and killing. With KRUNCH that's just a side-line. Your main business is committing crimes and then fleeing—not preventing crimes and pursuing."

"Logic is on your side," grudged Karlotta. "And for once SADISTO's specialized talents may be of some use to KRUNCH."

Thus our flight to Oregon.

Minutes later I heard and felt the XB-170's engines throttle back, and shortly our speed dropped from two thousand plus to a lazy eight hundred miles an hour.

Alongside of us a SADISTO Swallow-jet, its twin engines no doubt screaming full out to keep up with us, kept formation. Our pick-up plane had arrived.

I led the way aft from the main cabin, helped Karlotta into the cramped cockpit of the tiny delta glider nestled inside the XB-170's fuselage.



"I hate these midair transfers," muttered Karlotta. "Like, they're so dangerous."

"We SADISTO agents are accustomed to terrible risks," I said as casually as I could. Though in all truth I don't care for midair transfers much myself.

I made sure our plastic canopy was secure, gave the okay to our pilot. An instant later bomb doors slid open below us and—*clang!* the specially modified bomb rack released us and I felt again the sickening lurch in my stomach that always accompanies an air-drop.

The XB-170 pulled up sharply, then accelerated with breathtaking speed, becoming little more than a dot in the dark blue sky within a matter of seconds.

Down we swooped in our tiny, unpowered metal delta glider, our airspeed dropping. Seven-fifty. Seven. Six-fifty . . . At four hundred I leveled off, kept the needle-nosed metal glider at a glide just above the stall point.

The SADISTO Swallow-jet, which had followed us down, drifted lazily above us like some great metal eagle preparing to grab a sparrow out of the sky.

I swallowed hard. One careless move on the pilot's part . . .

But she knew her business and, moments later, the groping metal talons of the Swallow-jet grasped us, pulled us up to the belly of the plane. The canopy of our delta glider slid up through an ovoid hole in the fuselage, and Karlotta and I scrambled quickly out.

The ovoid hole closed with a snick of metal, and an instant later the Swallow-jet lurched slightly as the delta glider was dropped.

"You dump your transfer gliders, huh?" queried Karlotta.

I nodded. "The plane couldn't land with one hanging underneath it. So we just throw them away. They

only cost a half-million anyway. Taxpayers' money, of course. Uh, where now?"

"I take it this plane can fly slow enough for us to parachute?" queried Karlotta.

I nodded.

"Good. Then have the pilot head for Crater Lake." She glanced out a window of the Swallow-jet. "It'll be dark when we arrive. We can 'chute down just north of the lake without being seen."

I nodded, meanwhile searching my push-button memory. Crater Lake? Ah, yes—a unique geological feature which rated a National Park to itself. Crater Lake, I recalled, had once been a huge volcano. Then, about six thousand years ago, the volcano had erupted, throwing dust and pumice stone for tens of miles around.

After the eruption the molten lava inside the volcano had drained off underground, and the whole mountain had collapsed in on itself, creating the enormous hole in the ground which was now called Crater Lake. Instead of a twelve-thousand-foot volcano, there was now a twenty-square-mile lake, nineteen hundred feet deep in some places.

A curious place for KRUNCH to have a research laboratory . . .

"You may think this a curious place for us to have a research laboratory," called out Karlotta as, half an hour later, we drifted silently down under our parachutes. "But you'll see the wisdom of our choice when we get there."

I nodded. Beneath us the huge circle of the lake was brilliantly, beautifully illuminated by a full August moon. I was able to match features below me with the mental map I had of the place: There was Wizard Island, a lava-and-cinder baby volcano rising from the western part of the lake; and the weird rock formation they called the Phantom Ship, looking something like

a full-rigged ship with stone sails.

I could have wished for a less bright moon, but it wasn't too likely our black parachutes had been spotted from Rim Village, on the other side of the lake. Besides, the tourists and Park Rangers were most likely all asleep.

We drifted over the Pumice Desert just north of the lake, landed softly on a patch of crunch pumice pebbles between two groves of pine trees.

A brace of mule deer clattered off in fright, then all was still. We buried both parachutes; then I followed Karlotta as she struck off toward the shores of the lake. She seemed to know the way, but I kept stumbling over rocks on the steep slope. Also gasping a little on account of the altitude—over six thousand feet, as I recalled.

"Geologically speaking," Karlotta informed me as we made our way down toward the dead calm surface of the titanic lake, "this whole region was like born yesterday. Wizard Island—that bit you can see sticking up out of the water about four miles away—is only about a thousand years old."

"Very interesting, I'm sure," I muttered, wondering if it was about time for Wizard Island to start spitting lava again.

We came to a particularly steep and winding section of the path.

"Go on ahead," Karlotta urged me. I did so. And a minute later found myself about twenty feet directly below her. I looked up and saw her face peering down at me from beside a boulder the size of a Volkswagen.

"If this boulder should fall," she chuckled, "you wouldn't have a chance in a hundred billion of getting out from under. And, heh, heh—*here it comes!*"

She gave the teetering boulder a violent push and it plunged down toward me!

I made a frantic but futile effort to get out from

under and then—

As Karlotta's cheerful chuckle rippled through the night air—

The boulder dropped right on top of me.

## Chapter 6

"THAT WAS A PRETTY childish thing to do!" I snarled after we'd resumed our trek down the slope. "You might have given me heart failure. As it is, you got pumice dust in my unruly hair."

"Just having a little girlish fun," chuckled Karlotta. "Most people get a big kick out of the pumice boulders they have around here. Like they're so light you can toss them around like feather pillows."

"Hah!" I snorted, glaring at the huge boulder, which was now bobbing up and down like a cork on the surface of the lake.

"Here we are," said Karlotta, who'd been peering around. She lifted an enormous boulder. Under it, I could see, was a metal chest. She opened the lid, began taking out scuba equipment.

"Needless to say," she chuckled, "the Park Rangers

don't know about this little cache. Strip time." And so saying she began to shed her clothes.

I leered at her as I shed my own.

"Anxious for a little passion-bashin', baby?" I murmured lasciviously.

"Later for unchained sex, buster," she snapped. "Slip on a wet suit if you don't want to turn blue. That lake is like *cold*."

"Oh," I said, getting into a wet suit and then strapping a scuba tank to my back.

Karlotta's underwater speaker hissed, crackled: "Clear here, isn't it?" she noted. "Supposed to be just about the clearest water in the world. Weeds that can't grow more than a hundred twenty feet beneath the surface any place else grow five hundred feet down in Crater Lake."

"How far down are we going?" I queried. "Not all the way, I hope? Two thousand feet is a bit deep for these standard rigs. And a lot too deep for me."

"Relax. We're almost there," she assured me.

For the first time I noticed that she was holding what looked like a flashlight in her hand—but a flashlight from which no light came.

But as I watched she began to sweep the 'flashlight' back and forth, and suddenly a row of gleaming yellow lights showed, forming a pathway along the slope of the lake bottom, a pathway she followed.

Of course . . . black light. Her torch beamed ultraviolet, and made otherwise invisible markers fluoresce brilliantly.

Clever!

If any tourist should dive by day, they'd see nothing. Even if they dived by night, using ordinary lights, they'd still see nothing. Only a KRUNCH agent, with a black-light flash, could follow the trail.

We followed the yellow gleaming markers—which, without the ultra-violet light on them resembled ordi-

nary pebbles—until at last we came to a boulder. Or what looked like a boulder.

Karlotta grabbed it, lifted. It tilted up like a trapdoor, revealing a metal manhole. She opened the manhole, beckoned me into it.

A bit nervously, I swam down through the circular entrance. And found myself inside a softly lit lock chamber about six feet wide and the same in depth. Karlotta followed me inside, closed the manhole cover, twisted the lock-wheel, pressed a switch.

Air bubbled and roared into the lock and, within half a minute, we could remove our face plates.

"Clever, eh?" said Karlotta.

"Your experimental lab's under water, eh?" I said.

She nodded. "You'll see."

As soon as the lock was free of water—which took less than a minute—she swung the lock wheel on a matching manhole cover on the floor of the lock, climbed down a metal ladder.

I followed her and found myself inside a huge room.

"Hang your gear on some of those pegs," suggested Karlotta, stripping off her tank and wet suit.

I followed her advice.

"You can, if you wish, slip on one of those kute KRUNCH koveralls," she told me. "Or you can be informal and stay naked like me. It's well heated down here."

"I'll stay naked then," I said. For in all truth I didn't like the idea of donning KRUNCH klothies.

Karlotta led me into a small elevator. The elevator dropped and dropped and then stopped. The door slid open.

And I gasped.

I was in an enormous cavern—a cave at least a hundred yards long. Plushly furnished, too. But then KRUNCH always went in for kreature comforts. Persian and Afghan carpets on the polished teak floor,

crystal chandeliers suspended from the roof of the huge cavern, Picasso, Modigliani, Van Gogh, Matisse, and Monet originals on the rocky walls—even an El Greco or two, I noted.

"This is just the reception room, of course," Karlotta apologized, leading the way to a partition wall and opening a door. Before us lay another enormous room, this one furnished as a lounge recreation orgy room—furnished very much the way SADISTO's lounge recreation orgy rooms are.

But right now it was half full of packing crates and girls. The gorgeous KRUNCH kuties, nude save for leather boots and belts, were busy packing expensive-looking scientific equipment into the crates. Well disciplined dolls, they hardly glanced up as we walked in—though those that did winked at me suggestively.

"We're shutting down shop here, as you can see," sighed Karlotta. "Now that SADISTO—as represented, more or less, by you—knows of this place its usefulness is of course ended. A pity. It was a snug experimental laboratory location in its day."

I nodded. And how. Who would have looked for a KRUNCH research and development facility under Crater Lake?

"How in the world did you find this place?" I asked, genuinely curious.

"KRUNCH has a team of prospectors in the field at all times," said Karlotta proudly (perhaps little realizing the trade secrets she was giving away). "Just looking for hideaways. Geological girls who can sense a cave or cavern almost by instinct—or if not, then by means of their sophisticated scientific equipment."

"I see," I said thoughtfully. Her boast made sense. Like a criminal organization such as KRUNCH could always use extra hideaways.

"The Crater Lake region was a natural place to prospect," Karlotta went on. "Like, the region is known to

be riddled with faults and fissures—places where lava once was, then drained off. Our scientists found this place by means of echo-sounders. We only had to dig through eight feet of lake bed to reach it."

"Didn't all the air rush out?" I asked.

"Stupid boy. It was full of water then, of course. Our KRUNCH scuba divers made an entrance hole, then plugged the major leaks, installed the air-lock and automatic machinery started pumping the water up and out."

"Remarkable," I said.

"Kommenplace for KRUNCH. It took a year and a half to pump all the water out and then spray the porous parts with concrete and plastic sealer. But KRUNCH always plans ahead. Right now, all over the world, work is going on in future hiding places, many of which won't be ready for evil-oriented occupancy for a year or two. Dig we must, for the growing KRUNCH organization . . ."

"Reprehensible" I muttered, though to myself.

"Here," said Karlotta, pushing open another door, "is the main laboratory—formerly KRUNCH R & D Facility No. 309."

I looked. And whistled. M.I.T. or Cal Tech would have envied the enormous, ultramodern laboratory that stretched before me. As big as an airplane hanger, the main lab was full of chemical retorts, electron microscopes, small atom-smashers, spectroscopy equipment, computers—the whole bit.

"Astonishing!" I gasped. And I truly was astonished. Only one thing puzzled me.

"Only one thing puzzles me," I said. "I know that scientists often put up with remote working locations—astronomers have to live on mountain tops near their telescopes, for instance, and oceanographers have to live in cramped research ships far at sea. But this place obviously once employed hundreds of scientists.

Didn't they kick about having to live under a lake? I take it they couldn't come and go on weekend passes."

"Hardly," agreed Karlotta. "They had to stay for a six-month tour. Otherwise the Park Rangers might have gotten wise—certainly would have gotten wise. But there were inducements. For one thing, this research facility had modern conveniences. A choice of two movies every night. A lavish library of erotica. KRUNCH kall girls for the male scientists, KRUNCH kall boys for the girls. Superb food. An enormous wine cellar. Etc. etc."

I nodded. At that, things must have been much more cosy than, say, life in a scientific research station in Antarctica.

"Also daily newspapers and complete television—albeit a week behind."

"How," I frowned, "so?"

"Once a week a kourageous KRUNCH kutie kourier dived down carrying a week's newspapers on microfilm, plus video tapes of the preceding week's network programs. All of us at KRUNCH are great fans of the Man from U.N.C.L.E. Also the Girl from U.N.C.L.E."

"Likewise," I muttered.

"And on top of that," continued Karlotta, "KRUNCH isn't exactly niggardly in its pay scale. Starting salary for engineers is ten thousand, for example. A week, that is. For that kind of money plenty of technicians will accept a certain amount of limitation on their freedom of movement."

I nodded morosely. I would, that was for sure. It didn't really seem fair, in a way, that the Bad Guys got paid so much better than we Good Guys. Even with my expense account, it was a good week when I cleared two hundred bucks . . .

Though at least my medical bills were paid for me. And after most missions, I had quite a heap of



medical expenses.

"Where," I asked, "is Psychedelia's private office?"

"This way," said Karlotta, padding down a wide marble-paved corridor. She slid back a Tibetan teak door. "Here," she said.

I stepped inside.

A modest enough private office, as KRUNCH's private offices went. A tastefully furnished room about a hundred feet wide and two hundred feet long.

Rows of bookshelves packed with medical books, specifically books relating to drugs which effected the mind. Filing cabinets. Lab tables laden with chemical equipment. Microscopes. Desk computers. And an enormous nest-shaped bed . . .

"What," I frowned, "is the purpose of that enormous nest-shaped bed?"

"Psychedelia," explained Karlotta, "habitually tested new mind-expanding drugs, or combinations of drugs, upon herself. Her motto was: *Don't knock it if you haven't tried it, and if you haven't tried it yourself, how do you know what it does or doesn't do?*"

"How nauseating!" I cried. "Why, some of—in fact most of—the most quoted authorities on pot, peyote, mescaline and LSD have never tried the stuff themselves! You don't have to try those fearful drugs yourself in order to be an expert on them, any more than you need to take a drink to be an expert on alcoholism, or indulge in sex in order to write a sex manual!"

"You're right, of course," agreed Karlotta. "Like, some of the most perceptive books about women have been written by men. Ditto perceptive books about men written by women."

"This Psychedelia was obviously unscientific in her approach," I mused. "She believed, apparently, in experimentation—rather than the safe, sane, civilized approach to science—namely, study and quote the

experts, who have studied and quoted other experts."

"We think alike, obviously," agreed Karlotta. "My idea—and obviously our idea—as to how scientific research should be conducted is to first make up your mind on a subject, and then collect all the evidence that supports your view and at the same time reject and ridicule all the evidence to the contrary. Political and personal beliefs should shape scientific beliefs, not vice versa."

"How true," I said. "That's the way the Russians used to do it, and the way the Chinese still do. Imagine this brazen wench, Psychedelia, actually testing these hateful substances! How much better if she'd just written the AMA asking their opinion, and had then devoted her time to proving that, for once, the AMA was right."

"Amen," averred Karlotta.

"But you were saying about that curious nest-shaped bed?" I interrogated.

"Oh, yes. Psychedelia used to curl up in that bed after taking LSD or worse. And there she lay, comfy and relaxed, while her evil mind expanded and, no doubt, rhapsodic visions lapped her 'round . . ."

"Disgusting!" I commented.

"No doubt," said Karlotta. "She may, of course, have gained some scientific insights during her many voyages to the mental boundaries of human experience, her countless trips to the frontiers of the human intellect. But if so, her log has been lost. Like she burned all her notes, records, files and tape recordings before she fled the scene and KRUNCH."

"Are you sure this pad has been thoroughly searched?" I asked. "I mean, many little, apparently inconsequential things which might mean nothing to the untrained observer can serve as clues to trained experts such as myself. I mean little things like stubs of airline tickets, notes of hotel reservations, pages

from diaries noting future plans, etc. etc."

"Nothing of that sort," Karlotta assured me, "was found."

"Allow me to look anyway," I coldvoiced. "Psychedelica obviously had some destination in mind when she fled this place, taking two tons of concentrated LSD with her."

I stalked over to what had apparently been Psychedelia's desk. Above it hung a huge calendar, one of the kind that Chambers of Commerce send out by the thousands to drum up trade. It showed an aerial photograph of Cape Cod, the Lower Cape, to be specific. I scanned the dates. None had been marked. No clues there.

I jerked open a drawer in the desk. Dozens of travel folders, all relating to Cape Cod, cascaded out onto the floor. I leafed through them, looking for scribbled notes. Nothing. No clues there, obviously.

I pulled open another drawer. A marine chart. Of Provincetown Harbor, at the tip of Cape Cod.

A clue? Only to the fact that Psychedelia dug boating. And so did fifty million other Americans. No clue there.

I tried another drawer. Books. The complete works of Eugene O'Neil, that tragedy-haunted playwright who lived for years in an old Coast Guard shack in Provincetown, and whose first works were performed at the Provincetown Playhouse. So Psychedelia was interested in drama. No clue there.

I tried another drawer. The collected poems of Harry Kemp, the so-called Poet of the Dunes who'd lived for years and finally died in his beloved Provincetown. So she'd liked poetry. No clue there. Unless—subtle thought—she'd been attracted to Kemp's poetry because his name rhymed with hemp! But that was too esoteric...

I jerked open another drawer. A couple of novels—

*The Naked and the Dead* and *The Deer Park*, both by Norman Mailer, the controversial novelist who had spent most of his last twenty summers in Provincetown, and who now owned a house there...

Well, no clue there, except that Psychedelia was interested in good literature.

I tried another drawer. A book by Admiral McMillan, whose early explorations of the North Pole had made history. Now close to ninety, the Admiral was spending his lively and productive years in his native Provincetown, I recalled.

No clue there, save for the fact that Psychedelia might have an interest in Polar Exploration...

I tried another drawer and found yet another book, this one about the tragic submarine sinking that had taken place years ago off Wood End, in Provincetown, Massachusetts.

No clue there, save that Psychedelia liked to read about submarine mishaps.

Where, where I fumed, could she have been headed for?

No telling.

Not with the total lack of clues so far...

I tried another drawer. Another book. *Of Time and the Town*, by Mary Heaton Vorse. I leafed through it. Just a chronicle of some town on the tip of Cape Cod, Provincetown, to be exact. No clue there, save to the fact that Psychedelia liked to read about small towns.

I tried one more drawer. Aha! A page torn from a diary, covered with scribbled notes.

"That's Psychedelia's handwriting!" cried Karlotta. "What does it say?"

"It appears to be a list of bars," I said, scanning the page rapidly. "The full text reads: *Bars worth visiting to see if they're as wild as they say. Old Colony. Po'sle. Cookie's Tap. Atlantic House. Town House. Cellar Bar* and lots of others. Baffling. I mean, there

must be tens of thousands of bars throughout the United States. We can't check them all. So I guess—wait!"

"A happy thought?" queried Karlotta.

"Yes. Help me program this computer. Very likely all the bars listed here are in the same town. The computer will tell us which town."

And, seconds later, the computer typed out one ominous word: Provincetown ...

"It may be just a wild hunch," I muttered, "but I think it's just possible that Psychedelia is hiding out in Cape Cod. Specifically, in Provincetown!"

"Then let's go!" cried Karlotta.

And we went.

And what a time we had ...

## Chapter 7

WITH KARLOTTA KUDDLED semi-nakedly beside me, I sent the fire-engine red SADISTO Mercedes SS convertible roaring down the Mid-Cape Highway, sniffing the salt air and the faint odor of dead fish.

Although Provincetown boasted a small airfield, I'd decided it might be more cool to fly only as far as Hyannis, make the rest of the journey by automobile.

"No sense in alerting our shapely if evil quarry," I explained to Karlotta. "If she realizes she's been cornered she might do something rash—like dumping the whole two tons of LSD into the Provincetown water supply. Thereby turning on the whole town."

"From what I hear," mused Karlotta, "nobody would know the difference. Ever been to P'Town, 1008?"

"Never," I said. "I don't approve of bohemian re-

sorts. Long-haired painters, unkempt if luscious bikini-clad poets, shaggy novelists, that sort of thing."

Ahead of us the highway divided, one spur turning toward the shore, the other leading down the middle of the rapidly narrowing peninsula of land that was the Lower Cape. Next to the fork in the road a huge sign noted: PROVINCETOWN—EITHER WAY.

"I wonder what that means?" I mused. "One road seems straight, whereas the other is rather gay—cheerful, I mean, and more scenic." And in all truth the scenery was pretty—huge dunes looming above the blue waters of a long narrow lake on one side, rows of tiny beach cottages facing the ocean on the other. Out in Cape Cod Bay I could see the white sails of a schooner, the colorful hulls of fishing boats.

"If this were California," noted Karlotta, "they'd have nice civilized blacktop over all those empty dunes—and high-rise apartment houses lining the beach. It's a shame nobody has cleared off all those unsightly pine trees and wild flowers and lined the highway with super shopping centers. I understand Cape Codders are very backward."

"Obviously," I agreed. "If they only tore down all those old shingle houses and widened the narrow streets they could build this all up so it would look just like Miami Beach—or San Diego."

"When I first visited Provincetown," noted Karlotta, "it was a relatively sleepy little fishing town, with here and there a bearded painter. Uncouth tourists used to come just to stand and gawk at the 'beatniks' and nudge each other and say things like—'Hey! There's one! Isn't he funny looking!'"

I slowed down as the road ahead narrowed to little more than the width of our car. Lining the sidewalk were several dozen uncouth bearded characters. One of them pointed at me. "Hey! There's one!" he cried. "Isn't he funny looking?"

I frowned. "I seem to be the object of attention from those beatniks. I wonder why?"

"You're clean-shaven, silly boy," said Karlotta. "Things have changed since I was here last. The beatniks seem to have taken over. Between the bearded Portuguese fishermen on the one hand and the bearded bohemians on the other, I hear this town has more beards than a warehouse full of Smith Brothers cough drop boxes."

"I'd best blend with the scene," I muttered, opening a compartment in the dashboard of the convertible and pulling out a make-up kit. Seconds later I was wearing a bushy beard."

"You look good with a red beard," murmured Karlotta. "It contrasts erotically with your dark hair."

"Thank you," I said, parking the car near what appeared to be the main pier. "I suggest we split up, case the town. No telling where this Psychedelia wench may be hiding out. Which reminds me—got a picture of her?"

Karlotta nodded, handed me a photograph of a girl. And what a girl!

Long black hair—really long and really black. Pale white skin. High cheekbones. Huge violet eyes. A long, graceful neck. And she was built. Magnificently built . . .

The photograph—evidently a KRUNCH mug shot—was of Psychedelia in the nude. And chicks like Psychedelia should always be photographed in the nude.

Proud, pouting young breasts . . . a tiny waist . . . erotically flaring hips . . . long, luscious legs.

"Nice," I mused. "Wonder what her backside looks like."

"Turn the picture over," suggested Karlotta.

I did so. On the back was a rear view, also in glowing natural color, of Psychedelia.

And what a rear view!

"This babe is built just right," I drooled. "Not as right as you're built, of course," I added as I noted a gleam of jealousy flare in Karlotta's eyes. "But right enough."

"Let's," hissed Karlotta, "go un-build her. We're here to pulverize this playmate, not praise her, remember?"

"Right you are," I said. "We'll meet back here at midnight. If we haven't found and finished off our torrid target by then, we can check into a hotel and start again in the morning."

"You're on an expense account, I presume?" queried Karlotta, lowering her voice.

I nodded.

"Likewise. The weather's good, what say we sleep on the sand under one of the piers tonight—make a few bucks on this caper, eh?"

"Right," I muttered. "But meanwhile—on with the search!"

And so we searched.

And what a shocking search it proved to be . . .

My progress down the main drag of Provincetown—a road called, rather aptly I decided, Commercial Street—was slow.

Even with the street empty, a wide car would have trouble wending its way down it. And, in mid-August, the height of the tourist season, the street was anything but empty.

What strange characters, too . . .

Bewildered-looking tourist types with cotton-candy-chomping children jostled through a sea of bearded bike riders, were jostled in turn by beachicks in tattered T-shirts and breath-takingly brief bikini pants.

Sultry-eyed college girls in Bermuda shorts stared

at, and were stared back at, by bohemian babes with guitars over their shoulders and sexual revolution in their eyes.

College boys with three days growth of beard did their best to look beat, high school girls tried—successfully, so far as I was concerned—to look old enough to get picked up.

White-suited sailors on shore leave leered at girls and were leered at by boys. Grizzled fishermen strode along in old clothes and work boots, often with a lobster or two in their hands. Drunken paperback writers lurched unsteadily on their way—to jail, most likely.

Terrible!

The place resembled nothing so much as Greenwich Village by the sea!

Reprehensible!

And the noise . . . Even though it was early afternoon, the shattering throb of juke boxes sounded above the babble of voices and the cries of seagulls. The sound of a teen-age rock band thundered from a big barn-like bar.

I stopped for a longer look. Interesting. Stopped from entering by the no-drinks-served-to-anyone-under-twenty-one rule that reigns in Massachusetts, teen-age girls were clustered by every open window, leaning in as far as they could to listen.

What shapely backsides! What wonderful teen-age rumps! How patable, fondleable, strokable, pinchable . . .

What a luscious line-up of juicy jailbait!

Sighing, I continued on my way.

A busty babe accosted me shyly. "Excuse me, sir," she murmured, as her bikini-bra-boosted breasts nudged my chest suggestively, "but you have a kind face. I—and my friend—" she indicated an even more busty babe, this one in short-shorts and pleasure-peak-hug-



ging T-shirt "—have a problem."

"Forgot to take your pills, eh?" I snickered.

"No, no—this is *serious*! You see, we both lack a few days of being twenty-one. Would you, please, buy us a six-pack of beer? We'll pay, of course. And let you have some of the beer if you want."

I gasped, inwardly. What had our younger generation come to? Brazenly asking me to break the law!

I considered turning them into the nearest policeman. But no, that would only delay me.

I pretended their request hadn't shocked me. "I might buy you a six-pack of beer with your own money," I yawned. "If you do me a little favor in return. Like a little lewd and lascivious *cohabitation* . . ."

"But—but of *course*!" they gasped in unison. "But you don't have to bargain with girls to get them to put out—not here. This is *Provincetown*!"

So it is, I mused to myself as I shouldered my way rudely past the thirsty girls. Compared to this sin-packed town Sodom was a revival meeting . . .

"Gee, I wish I could buy myself a can of beer," sighed a sergeant in uniform and dozens of medals who had his nose pressed to the window of a liquor store. "But I lack a day of being twenty-one . . ."

"Tsk, tsks," I thought to myself. These young punks should be grateful their country does them the honor of drafting them and sending them into exciting combat—instead of grouching about not being able to buy beer. Next thing you know the teen-agers will want the vote, too.

"Psst!" said a rotten little kid, tugging at my arm. "Wanna buy a sugar cube?"

I gasped.

LSD being peddled openly on the streets! By an infant yet!

I grabbed the small boy, cuffed him about a bit.

"Okay, sonny, talk!" I snarled. "How long have you been pushing this stuff? Who's your supplier?"

"Sob, sob! Lemme alone!" whimpered the rotten little kid. "I'm just sellin' what I said—sugar cubes. You see, Mister, I was walkin' along the other day and I heard this man say to another man—'I've an urge to take a trip. I'd give five bucks for a sugar cube right now . . .'" So I opened my piggy bank and went to the store and bought a box of sugar cubes. Which I've been selling."

I shook my head in horror. The rotten little kid might not be a pusher, but he was obviously guilty of fraudulent advertising. Or was he? An interesting legal point . . .

I let the brat go. "On your way, brat!" I snarled.

He nodded, raced off, jumped into a Jaguar XK-E and roared away.

Hmmm, I thought. That rotten little kid must have sold at least a thousand sugar cubes in the last couple of days. I wonder if—but no; I had a job to do.

And I set about doing it.

I ducked into the first bar I came to, looked around. No Psychedelia. No girls at all, curiously. The bar was full of men. Many very elegantly dressed.

"Looking for someone, darling?" murmured a blonde-haired boy in a black net sports shirt.

"A girl," I said absently.

"Whatever for?" he gasped, clapping his hands to his face.

"To kill her," I muttered thoughtlessly—committing a minor though unintentional security break.

"That's the spirit!" he shrilled.

I backed hastily out, resumed my search.

I tried another bar. This one was full of girls! Some real cute looking—others, I noted with surprise, were big and burly as Japanese wrestlers. I smiled winningly at the bar full of girls. They all glared back.

"Lookin' for someboy, buster?" inquired a massive-shouldered male rising to her feet, smoothing back her hair and spitting into her hands.

"Uh-huh," I said, after quickly scanning the crowd and making sure Psychedelia was not among the ladies present.

I resumed my search.

The bar seemed more promising. Much more promising in fact. It was crowded with mixed couples—boys and girls together. College types, Greenwich Village types, beats and beachicks.

I sat down at a rough wooden table beside a girl with long hair, high cheekbones and huge eyes.

Psychedelia!

No, not a girl with long hair, high cheekbones and huge eyes. The place was full of them, in fact. Most promising.

I ordered a bottle of beer from a long-haired waitress in low-cut hip pants and a magnificently tanned miniskirt, glanced at the girl sitting next to me. She was reading *Human Sexual Response*, yawning a little as she turned the pages. Evidently sexual response was something she already knew plenty about.

"Interesting stuff, eh?" I said cheerfully.

She nodded, closed the book. "My sorority did a more intensive research project than this—in cooperation with the fraternity next door—in a matter of months."

"How interesting," I said. "I haven't read the book myself. I'm waiting until it comes out in a low-cost paperback edition, but I understand the researchers studied people having, uh, fun under laboratory conditions. I think it would inhibit people—having instruments recording their pulse and blood pressure and so forth. Not to mention having several scientists

just sitting there taking notes."

"Obviously," said my shapely companion, tossing her long hair disdainfully, "you still have many Puritanical ideas about sex. Sex is a bodily function and need. Like eating and drinking. Does it shock you to watch me drink this beer at close range? Does it embarrass you to have somebody watch you while you eat?"

"I see your point," I frowned. "If we didn't feel guilty and furtive about sex, we wouldn't think twice about having a bliss bash in front of observers."

"Precisely," said the girl. "If, as I presume—not to change the subject—you are picking me up, it will save much time if I tell you that my name is Dulcimer Dubois, I'll be happy to have dinner with you tonight, dutch treat if you're short of cash, and, needless to say, I'm sexually cooperative."

Wow! I gasped to myself. Provincetown really does swing . . .

"Good," I leered, "deal. But to pick up the thread of our discussion. I wouldn't consider myself Puritanical, sex-wise. Perhaps it's just that I'm sort of old-fashioned romantic idealist. I mean, I don't mind sexing it up in a congenial group—like an informal orgy. It's just the cold, clinical approach that repels me."

"I see," said Dulcimer thoughtfully.

"I feel the same way about sex as I do about eating. I mean, I'll eat in any old restaurant if I'm hungry; but I prefer a comfortable atmosphere, soft lights—candles, maybe. Romantic surroundings, in short."

"And you stage your sexual feasts the same way?" she queried. "Soft lights—candles, maybe—comfortable couches, mood music, drinks?"

"Well—yes," I said.

"Fine, I don't object to being sexed up under those conditions. But other ways are fun, too. Like it's fun to eat a picnic lunch on the beach. And equal fun to

engage in sexy games on the beach. In bright sunlight. If something is worth doing, in my emancipated opinion, it's worth doing anywhere, any time."

"Just so," I said. I tapped the book in front of her. "The trouble with this study," I said, adroitly turning the conversation the way I wanted it to go, "is that it's unfinished."

"You mean the book doesn't come to a climax?" she frowned.

"No—I mean, somebody should study the effect of—chemical substances on human sexual response. Like, how does being drunk affect things? Or being high on pot? Or—LSD?"

"What an interesting suggestion for useful scientific research!" cried Dulcimer.

"I'll say!" cried five girls at the next table, who had evidently been listening to our intellectual conversation. "Can we participate? In the interests of science?"

"Of course," I said generously, as the five girls joined our table (inadvertently mopping the table top free of spilled beer with their long hair as they pulled up chairs).

"We can use my pad," said Dulcimer. "We'll need a few boys and—"

"Not," I assured her, "at all. I'm perfectly capable of sexually responding to—and eliciting all kinds of sexual responses from—the six of you."

"Let's get started immediately!" squealed a dedicated damsel with silken blonde hair, rising to her feet.

"Wait," I urged, "just a minute. There's a minor problem. How can we study our sexual behavior while under the influence of, say, LSD without obtaining some? And I, alas, have none on me. Any of you girls know a chick in town who might lend us some?"

Gloomy looks descended over the choice chicks' faces.

"No," sighed Dulcimer. "This town is very tight

right now—rumor has it the State Cops are everywhere."

At an adjoining table two bearded characters choked on their beer and then shot us startled looks.

"Like those two characters," snorted Dulcimer. "Fuzzniks! It's getting so that if some shaggy type shuffel up to and whispers, '*Know where I can buy some pot?*' you just *know* he's from the State Police. What a swinging time those cats are having at the Massachusetts taxpayer's expense . . ."

"Getting back to our problem," I said. "Surely there must be a girl somewhere in town who has a couple of tons . . . I mean a modest supply of LSD?"

"If there is," sighed Dulcimer, "I don't know her. Guess this means the research project is off . . ."

"Oh, no!" cried the other five girls. "Couldn't we at least rehearse?" suggested an auburn-haired beatchick. "Perfect procedures and have a ball? Even without hallucinogenic help?"

I started to shake my head—then stopped. Why not? A brief break in the dreary routine of searching, searching would relax me a bit.

And long experience had taught me that a relaxed triple-zero SADISTO agent is a happy agent.

Especially when he's relaxing with half a dozen delectable desire dolls . . .

"Why not?" I shrugged. "Let's go!"

And we went.

And—

But read for yourself in the next appallingly graphic chapter . . .

## Chapter 8

AFTER I STAGGERED, totally exhausted, from the cozy cabin which served as Dulcimer's summer pad in Provincetown, I resumed my quest.

Searching, searching ...

Searching high and low for the elusive Psychodelia Schmidt ...

But even as I searched I couldn't help remembering, from time to time, the swinging few hours I'd spent with Dulcimer, and her five beatchick brethren ... Or sisteren ...

No sooner had we arrived in Dulcimer's disheveled pad but the lusty girls started shedding their garments. Within seconds, shameful to relate, they were all naked.

As was I, for that matter.

"Now girls, let's keep this scientific!" shouted a

bespectacled but busty brunette. "We must simulate actual scientific testing conditions. Quick! Help me wheel this cot into the middle of the room!"

We all helped her.

"Now," she said, "since, temporarily, we lack the scientific devices needed to record every male and female physiological reaction during the, uh—rather, before, during and after—we must simulate them as best we can in order to pre-create actual testing conditions!"

"Uh, sure," I said dubiously.

"Girls," said the bossy brunette, "Help me wrap and tie this length of rope around ... I didn't catch your name, sir?"

"Trevor," I told her. "Trevor Anderson."

"Around Trevor's arm. It will simulate a blood pressure recorder. Next we will Scotch tape this piece of cardboard over his manly heart. It will serve to simulate an electro-cardiographic device. Next we wrap this bit of string around ..."

"Later for that!" I snapped. "Let's not over-gimmick this first test run-through."

"If you say so," sighed the bosomy brunette. "Perhaps if I just held that portion of your anatomy—as long as feasible, that is—I will be able to detect increases or, perish the thought, decreases in size."

And so saying she wrapped her lovely young fingers around my right bicep. Though why she thought I might flex my right bicep while bliss-bashing my simulated subject was something I couldn't divine.

Meanwhile, Dulcimer, asserting priority of pleasure—or rather scientific readiness to serve—had flung herself back downward and long-legged apart on the cot which now served as centerpiece for her pad, not to mention the cynosure of all prurient eyes present.

"Slake me for science!" she begged. "Simulated science, perchance—but let's not waste time. Slake

me!"

"Well, if you insist," I frowned, stalking toward her.

As the other five girls grabbed chairs and formed a close semi-circle around us.

Confound them! Even though I knew that men had studiously mated while white-smocked researchers had sat staring objectively, taking movies and watching instrument dials, I nevertheless felt a certain diffidence about seducing Dulcimer before such a close and observant audience.

Courage, 0008! I told myself. What others have done to serve science, you can do!

If others could relax and then get tense before the beady eyes of scientists intent on research, surely you can get casually passionate despite the fixed stare of five pairs of prurient, passion-filled girlish eyes...

Thus reassuring myself, I climbed onto the cot. Also on top of Dulcimer, who seemed not at all abashed by the proximity of our audience or the harsh light of the overhead light bulb.

"Ready for simulated test one," she husked, wriggling seductively on the cot. "Commence simulated testing!"

"Simulated test report one," intoned the bespectacled busty brunette. "Male subject is in the correct position poised above his presumed intended tender target. But male subject appears lamentably limp."

"Not me!" I said brightly. But insincerely.

Confound the curious cuties who ringed me! Their detached gaze unnerved me.

"Perhaps," murmured the brash-breasted brunette, "we should extend the scientific simulation. Like, if we had the required scientific equipment, we would be recording the male subject's skin temperature and perspiration rate at half a hundred places. Girls, please be good enough to place your fingers on the male subject's body, in order to simulate the dozens of

sensors which should be attached to him."

Eagerly and gigglingly, the girls—including the busty brunette—did just that. I felt feminine fingers press gently against my flesh all over.

And I mean all over...

"Girls!" I gasped, "don't touch me and finger me that way! I realize you're merely trying to simulate scientific equipment, but scientific equipment doesn't feel that good! Or tickle so erotically... or fondle so shamelessly!"

But the girls, bless their scientific enthusiasm, kept right on touching me with their fingers, simulating as best they could, the presence of scientific measuring devices.

Only I found their fingers more stimulating than simulating.

Fifty feminine fingers straying over my flesh—sixty, if you counted Dulcimer's dainty digits; and I could hardly ignore the shameless stroking and fondling and squeezing and coaxing of her thrill-seeking, fun-wreaking fingers.

And I had other no doubt accidental carnal contacts, too—for as the five filles bent over the cot, Dulcimer and me, their long hair cascaded over my bare back... and backside... and all...

Millions of silken strands sparked and splended over my flesh—gossamer caresses, incredibly subtle sparking strokes...

And, no doubt inadvertently, as the girls bent still closer over me I felt the nudging contact of their ripe young breasts—ten rounded pillows of pleasure...

Oh the unspeakable rapture of it, the utter bliss of it, the total delight of it...

Fifty fingers, ten breasts, countless silken hairs moving over my bare body, or more correctly the back of my bare body. The front of my bare body was cushioned by the cushiony soft warmth of Dulcimer.

And Dulcimer was the kind of naked dream doll any red-blooded lecherous young man would appreciate being pillowed by.

My shyness forgotten, I found myself pistoning deep into the delicious depths of her hot and happy embrace, plunging again and again into the wonderful whirlpool of her womanliness, driving ever faster, ever deeper, ever more frantically into the torrid tunnel of love and lust her lovely body had become.

Bliss bathed from all sides, stroked and stimulated by sixty fingers and five brace of boobs, plus two; erotically tickled by bonde and black and brown and gold and red hair, I found my pulse pounding insanely, my head spinning, my heart thudding wildly as—

SNAP!

POPPLE!

CRACK

ZIP!

ZAP!

SWIRL!

SIZZLE!

Passionate pyrotechnics rocked me, sexy skyrockets exploded, depraved dynamite sticks detonated and flaming fun-fire consumed me . . .

And I relaxed and went limp, as the first Happening ended . . .

"What a glorious simulated experiment for the sake of science!" gasped Dulcimer. "I hoped it would never end!"

"But, alas, it has ended, darling," I whispered gently. "And I've pledged myself, in the simulated interests of science, to clinically cooperate with another—five others, in fact. Next!"

No sooner had the word escaped my lips but four of the frisky females grabbed me, each taking an arm or leg, and lifted me gently up into the air.

Dulcimer slid sadly out from under me, blowing me

a kiss as she slid, and the busty brunette with spectacles slid happily beneath me to take her place.

"Lower away!" I barked, and the four girls lowered me into just the right position for the second stage of our simulated scientific test.

And it was like before.

In a few ways better, in fact—for I was beginning to get into my stride.

"Ravish me! Impale me! Destruct me! Stab me! Spear me! Harpoon me! Bifurcate me! Split me asunder!" shrieked the talkative but tempting brown-haired bliss bomb beneath me.

And I did my best to make her happy.

And, evidently, did just that.

"I'm flipping! I'm tripping!" she screeched. "I'm bent! I'm rent! I'm sent!"

"And I'm spent!" I gasped some minutes later. "But, the simulated research program must go! Next!"

And seconds later I found myself atop a burning-eyed blonde.

"Ride me!" she screamed, "ride me to the end of the torrid trail! If I buck and rear and plunge, stay tall in the saddle I implore you! And away," she added as her hips flipped up into the air, rocking and rolling and shaking from side to side, "we go!"

And her words prove truly prophetic.

What a wild ride that was . . .

Paul Revere's midnight ride was as nothing to the midafternoon joy journey I experienced . . .

But all too soon it was time to slide from the saddle and call: "Next!"

And an instant later a roundly curved redhead was pleading with me to pump pleasure into her.

And I did.

And then—

It was time to turn on the black-haired, black-eyed babe in a journey to the end of delight . . .



After which by popular request, we ran through the entire simulated scientific experiment again.

And again.

And yet again.

"What stamina!" groaned the bushed blonde sprawled on the floor.

"What vitality!" croaked the crumpled red head.

"What pistoning power!" wheezed the depleted brunette.

"What a wonderful way to be destroyed!" sighed the limp black-haired babe.

"What a man!" moaned Dulcimer, who was flat on her back on the floor staring dazedly at the ceiling.

"Shall we run through the simulated rehearsal one more time, girls?" I asked briskly. "No? Then I'll just slip into my clothes and slip outside for a breath of fresh air. Don't go way, I'll be right back," I lied.

And so saying I dressed and departed. Outside the fresh air nearly made me crumple, but devotion to duty drove me on.

A little time off for relaxation was all right—was fine, in fact. But I had a job to do: find and fix the greatest menace America had ever faced—*Psychodelia* Schmidt and her two-ton LSD bomb . . .

So I resumed my search.

And what a strange, erotic search it proved to be . . .

## Chapter 9

HAVING HAD LITTLE success in the bars, I decided to try the beaches. Making a quick change in the car—to the delight of a bevy of high school girls; for, in my haste to change I didn't bother to raise the top of the convertible—I made for the beach in my swimming trunks.

And what a beach!

Bikini-clad damsels sunning themselves in near nudity, splashing near-nakedly in the surf or twisting on the golden sands to the big beat of their transistor radios.

What gyrating hips! What bouncing boobies! What quivering rumps! What shivering thighs!

What a joy to body-surf over a sea of babes like that . . .

But later for the erotic fantasies and facts, I told myself sternly. You're a man with a mission . . .

So grimly I stalked the sand.

Little, I smiled to myself, did the flirtatious cuties who kept shooting me inviting glances, or asking me to adjust their bikini bra straps, or just plain propositioning me—little, I smiled, did they suspect that the man with the dark, saturnine good looks and the unruly hair was a lethal-minded secret agent on a kiss and kill mission.

"Kiss me—or kill me, you dark, saturninely handsome young man with unruly hair," murmured a buxom babe of about seventeen. "If I didn't know it was patently impossible, I'd swear you were a lethal-minded secret agent."

"Do I look like one?" I frowned.

"Divinely so," breathed the beautiful beach chick with oversize bliss baubles. "Have I seen you on television?"

"Not yet," I said, giving her a benign smile, then touseling her tangled hair, then chucking her playfully under her boobies.

"If I may be so bold," she inquired, batting her long eyelashes at me, "could I ask you to do something for me? Or more correctly, with me?"

"What?" I frowned.

She told me. Not even bothering to lower her voice.

"Right here on the beach?" I gasped. "I know Provincetown is supposed to be the swingiest tiny town on the Eastern Seaboard, but even so . . ."

"Well—we could wade out a ways," she suggested. "It's low tide. Fifty yards out the water would be above our waists. Hidden from the prurient eyes of these rectangular tourists, my sexually revolutionized feminine hands could deftly remove your swim trunks while your friendly fingers divested me of my bikini bottom. And then . . ."

"Yes?" I encouraged.

"We could talk about pop art and LeRoi Jones and

Happenings and Baby Jany Holzer and Andy Warhol and King Kong and other intellectually stimulating subjects while your proudly animalistic hands pulled my soon-to-be-unleashed loins against the phallic symbolism of your manhood. While my pagan fingers clutched the tight-muscled perfection of your gluteus maximus muscles and pulled you into a real relationship with the hungry vortex of my physical need. . ."

"Another time perhaps," I suggested. "Right now I'm—say, do you happen to know a girl named Psychedelia Schmidt?"

"No," she said.

(For thus it is in the real-life secret agent business. In movies and TV scripts a secret agent meets a sexy girl, asks her a leading question and she hands him back a hot clue. In real life all you get is her hot hands.)

"Please desist from stroking and fondling my chest and biceps with your hot hands," I said coldly. "And stop letting your hot hands play lucky-dip down the front of my bathing trunks. People will notice! And have us tossed in the can. In separate cells."

"Why are you rejecting me?" she sighed. "Why are you so stubbornly refusing to temporarily restructure your environment by embracing me in the symbolically significant sea? Is it a fear of women or water or what? Perhaps you've been leading the gay life. All the more reason to restructure your environment and reorient your sex life. Remember, girls are good for you. No alien creatures full of menace we, but fellow members of the same species—unfulfilled individuals looking for fulfillment from members of the opposite sex, of which you seem to be a real yummy specimen. Fling aside your hostile feelings toward females and find out how a girl like me can complement the essentially male characteristics my lucky-dip playing hands have discovered. I'm certain your analyst would

approve, for group therapy begins with . . ."

And so on.

And on.

That's the big trouble with beachchicks—in my opinion, they talk too much.

There was, I realized, only one fast way to shut her up.

"Let's wade out fifty yards and have a semi-submerged sexual relationship," I suggested.

"I thought you'd never ask!" she sighed.

Five minutes later I resumed my slogging search along the beach.

Where could Psychedelia be hiding?

No telling.

I'd just have to keep on looking.

And as I looked I couldn't help but allow my thoughts to drift back to the semi-submerged relationship I'd just enjoyed with the brazen beachchick.

How wantonly her hands had removed my swimming trunks once same were beneath the surface of the sea . . .

How warm her thighs and belly and loins and buttocks had felt to my touch, after I'd de-bikini-bottomed her . . .

How electric had been the sliding, gripping, enfolding encounter of our waterlogged loins . . .

What pulsing power she had in her internal muscles . . .

What squeezing, gripping, pulsing, throbbing games she'd played . . .

How girlishly she'd squealed with delight when she felt the leaping liquid response of my deep-meshed manhood . . .

It'd been so long—days, at least—since I'd dallied in deep water with a desirable doxie that I'd almost forgotten how much fun it is to sex in the swirling sea . . .

But later for the romantic reminiscences, I told myself—for I am my own second worst boss (the General is my worst boss, of course).

I had a job to do.

I had to find a girl and kill her . . .

"What?" queried a mini-shortened, bandana-bosomed bathing beauty. "You say you have to find a girl—and thrill her? Look no further, tall, dark and saturninely handsome former stranger . . ."

"Sorry," I snapped. "Didn't realize I was talking—albeit indistinctly—aloud. Curb your raging passions, choice and chesty child—I have no time for girls."

"What a wise decision!" murmured a wavy-haired boy in a monokini, smoothing back his flowing locks with a limp-wristed hand. "Tarry with me a while, tall, dark and big biceped . . ."

"Stay out of this, Cuthbert!" raged the girl who'd accosted me. "I saw him first! After I'm through with him—then you can have him."

I said nothing.

I just made tracks.

Fast.

"Ow! Ooof! Eeee! Do it again!" squealed a bevy of near-nude sunbathing lovelies I'd inadvertently stepped on during my hasty flight.

I made faster tracks.

What a torried town! What a voluptuous village! What a rapture-oriented resort! What a hysterically hot hamlet!

No wonder they called it Passiontown . . .

Too bad I didn't have a day or two—or a week or month or two—to relax here.

But . . .

I didn't.

So I resumed my relentless search for Psychedelia. And—I didn't find her.

Which is the way it often goes, in real-life secret-

agenting. In lurid spy novels every episode inter-locks with the next. If the hero of a lurid spy novel goes to a bathing-beauty-strewn beach looking for his tempting target—he finds her.

In real life, he usually gets nothing but a bad sunburn and tired feet.

Hours and hours and hours later I lurched under the main pier. Karlotta was waiting for me, rubbing her tired feet.

"Nothing?" I queried.

"Nothing," she snapped. "Here it is midnight, and I've been tramping around since midday. Without finding even a hint of our foe, Psychedelia. What a wasted day and evening!"

"Tired, eh?" I sympathized, rubbing my own aching feet. "No luck at all, huh?"

"Well, no luck in finding the quail who's our quarry. But I must admit my day was not entirely uneventful. Like, beat-boy after beat-boy approached me. And made polite erotic invitations. And, in order to blend with the environment and appear to act normally, I had no recourse but to accept their passionate invitations. Time after rapture-packed time. Am I sexually bushed . . ."

"Me too," I admitted. "I'm almost tempted to check into a hotel or motel instead of sleeping for free on the sand under the pier here. But no. It's a warm night, the sand is soft and—but wait. I can't sleep. Not while I have this raging hunger inside me. Suppose we . . ."

"I thought you'd never ask!" cried Karlotta, flinging herself nakedly on top of me.

And, myself surprised, I let myself be carried away by the violent voluptuousness of her voracious sexual appetite.

And so, on the silent sand, we sinned . . . and sinned . . . and sinned again . . .

Hours later I pushed her away and said: "I was

about to say, why don't we go and have a lobster dinner? Like I'm starved."

"Me too," frowned Karlotta. "But it's late now—like two in the morning. And with the stupid one o'clock bar closing they have in Massachusetts, where can we find a restaurant open? And I'm just dying for some broiled lobster . . ."

"If that's what you crave," I told her, "that's what I'll get you. Never underestimate the resourcefulness of a triple-zero SADISTO agent. Please be good enough to scoop a large hole in the sand, then fill same with scraps of paper and driftwood and get a good fire going. I shall return—with lobsters!"

And so saying I loped across the beach and into the water. Where I proceeded to swim out with strong, vigorous strokes. Out and out and out and out and out . . .

Out into the bay until—*THUNK!*—a quarter mile out my head hit a bobbing lobster buoy.

"Good," I reflected, "deal!" And, deftly, I pulled myself down the line until, thirty feet down, I hit bottom. Also a lobster trap.

(Ordinarily, of course, I don't rob lobster traps. But that night I was real hungry. As was Karlotta. Besides, in Provincetown Harbor, they say, lobster-trap robbing is a major sport, engaged in both by the larcenous tourists and the equally larcenous locals.)

I took the underwater flashlight from between my teeth, turned it on. Success! Inside the wooden lath cage of the lobster trap was—a lobster!

Adroitly I twisted the lath latch, opened the door to the trap. With incredibly deft deftness I shot my hand inside as—with even more incredibly deft deftness—the lobster closed its "OWCHI" claw over my finger!

Rapidly I withdrew both finger and lobster. Stupid of me to have been so careless. But understandable. Like, the last time I'd robbed a lobster pot had been in

Florida. Or was it California? No matter; in both, notably decadent states, the local lobsters lacked claws.

Not so in rugged New England, of course. There the lobsters have not one, but "YIPE!" two claws.

In horrible pain from the dual pinch of both of the lobster's claws, I realized there was only one thing to do—battle the lobster to the death, deep beneath the dark waters of Provincetown Harbor.

Savagely I slashed at the lobster, using every judo and karate trick in the book, while the dangerous, two-pound crustacean and I spun and swirled in our grim death struggle. It was touch and go for a long time, but finally I got the sea beast in the back of the neck with a particularly savage karate chop and—victory!

The lobster went limp.

Grinning in primeval triumph, I surfaced quickly for a gulp of air, the defunct lobster clutched in my left hand, spotted another lobster-pot buoy, submerged again.

No sense in staying above the surface too long. Like, lobster pot robbing isn't exactly legal. True, the lobster fishermen are prohibited by state law from hauling or checking their pots after sunset or before sunrise—but who could tell if some lawbreaking lobsterfisherman might not be illegally cruising around in a rowboat, ready and eager to break an oar over my vulnerable and valuable head?

So I swam submerged, swam until, on the white, sandy bottom, I saw a shadowy shape. Another lobster pot, no doubt. I put my dead lobster down, swam toward the new pot with my arms groping and grabbed—

The shapely white bottom of a girl!

A luscious and passionate lobster pirate!

"Gotcha, you foul female lobster lecher!" I bubbled, grappling with the warm and slippery curves of her

rump and hips.

She whirled in the water, attempted—uncouthly—to knee me, then jabbed me unfairly under the chin and swam rapidly toward the surface, with me in hot pursuit.

At the surface I looked around, spluttering. A few feet away was the lovely—if piratical—face of a girl.

And not just any girl, it was the face of—Psychodelia Schmidt!

"Die now, murderous maiden!" I yelled, and swam lethally toward her.

A short but tempestuous tussle ensued. A tussle from which, thanks to many fouls on her part, I felt compelled to swim back from—though only in order to renew the attack.

"You're doomed, depraved doll!" I gurgled.

"That's what you think!" Psychodelia sneered, uncouthly spitting sweat-water into my face.

"Oh, yeah?" I snarled. "I—gulp!"

The reason I said *gulp* was that, by pure chance, when Psychodelia spat seawater at me, at that precise instant my mouth chanced to be open—the better to mouth threats at her.

And the seawater she'd spouted had spouted right into my open mouth.

With the result that—

ZAP!

I was instantly turned on . . .

Suddenly the scene around me looked—real cool. Also peaceful. And very pretty.

Incredible, I mused absently, that such an instant transformation should take place in my mental attitude. Understandable, however in some ways . . . Like, Psychodelia must have been so loaded with hallucinogenic drugs that a spout of seawater from her mouth had been enough to partially turn me on.

And partially turned on I sure was . . .

Before me I saw the hostile if erotic shape of Psychedelia—but, alas, her instant demise no longer seemed of importance to me. Of much more importance was the magnificent Technicolor splendor of the stars in the sky!

I rolled rapturously on my back, gaping and gawking at the splendid stars above me. How beautifully they blazed! How colorfully they sparkled!

And as, floating rapturously on my back, I watched them, I saw a pattern of meaning appear—a fantastically significant pattern which encompassed the entire Milky Way . . .

Of course! That and that alone was the meaning of the universe! Only—what was the meaning? I'd grasped it just a moment ago, but now the insight-loaded vision seemed faded . . .

I rolled over in the water.

Looked down.

Below me was the maze of sparkling three-dimensional trails . . .

Phosphorescence . . .

The movement of fish, the movement of my limbs was lighting up the water . . .

And how gloriously!

A school of tiny mackerel swam by—streaming multi-colored splendor.

I wagged my toes and brilliant light bathed my feet.

What magnificent illumination!

How glorious!

Also esthetically exciting!

I rolled over and dived deep—and the deeper I dove the more magnificent the watery scene seemed.

Swirling bubbles of ecstatically illuminated light boiled up and around me—magnificently! Blue and red and yellow and gold and green and purple and pink bubbles . . .

How meaningful—only, what was the meaning?

I swam down and down until I hit the sandy bottom. And, hitting it, I stirred into phosphorescent light a million microscopic animalcules . . .

All of whom glowed, gloriously . . .

I rolled and turned as a school of tiny fish flashed by—streaming rainbow brilliance . . .

What visual delight!

What esthetic bliss!

What—a long time to go without breathing . . .

I surfaced, gulped air, tried to shake the wondrous visions from my head.

*Steady there, boy, I told myself. You're like flying. You may be having a ball, but you don't know the difference between deadly danger and delectable sensation. So cool it, man, and swim toward shore—like now!*

So, reluctantly, I swam toward shore.

And what a shore!

Like a gleaming necklace of lights, the shore seemed to beckon me . . .

Like a host of horizontal beautiful beacons . . .

How significant . . .

How meaningful . . .

And right in front of me was a swirling, blazing, luminescent turmoil in the shape of a gorgeous naked girl!

Reason and rapture battled within my brain.

And it was a close fight, a near contest.

*This is a menacing chick you have to bring down,* the stern voice of duty told me. *Why?* mused the partially turned on me.

And in all truth, shame to relate, in my rhapsodic condition her demise no longer seemed important.

Everything seemed dreamlike and (thanks to the terrible effect of the hallucinogenic I'd inadvertently swallowed)—peaceful!

Me, a triple-zero SADISTO agent feeling peaceful!



Worse, I felt friendly feelings toward all mankind. Even all girlkind . . .

Terrible!

What would the General think?

But, alas, the General now seemed to me a misguided minion of the Establishment—a middle-aged whisky drinker with an authority hangup . . .

(Kill! Kill! Kill! urged the still faintly rational part of my brain.)

But, bemused and befuddled (though, naturally, at the time I didn't think I was befuddled but truly felt I understood things as I'd never understood them before) I failed to swim fast enough to catch up with the warped wanton known as Psychedelia.

I saw her gleaming body emerge from the sea, sprint lightly across the sand.

By the time I waded dreamily from the ocean she was out of sight.

I sighed, lost in wondrous contemplation for a moment—what incredibly beautiful clouds scudding overhead . . . How perfect the feel of the sand beneath my bare feet . . . How amusingly the pier ahead of me seemed to recede and then expand and come closer . . .

What a wonderful world our world is, I mused. How lovely human beings are . . .

(Kill! Kill! Kill for peace—also kicks! the inner me screamed in vain.)

I ambled absently back under the pier, stroking the rough wood texture of the pilings, sniffing happily the heavenly aroma of seaweed . . .

"So where are the lobsters?" snapped Karlotta, rising from the discretely shaded fire she'd built. "And why do you have that funny Mona Lisa smile on your face? Why are you snapping your fingers and swaying as if you were hearing heavenly music inside your skull? Why—"

"Don't be up tight, doll," I smiled. "Don't you hear

the inner raga rock? Don't you get a bhang out of living? Bhang, bhang, I'm flying now, bhang, bhang, oh boy and how, bhang, uh bhang . . ."

"0008!" screamed Karlotta. "You've been turned on! Who did this fearful thing to you?"

"Who?" I mused. "Who stole my heart away—no. Who? Who. Well is wasn't Cecelia . . . nor was it Ophelia . . . so I guess it must have been—Psychedelia . . ."

"Did you kill her?" gasped Karlotta.

"It's wrong to kill," I frowned. "Killing is . . . wrong. Human beings shouldn't kill each other. Ever."

Karlotta went white. "Oh—oh no! Your mind has been chemically poisoned! Civilization as we know it has dropped completely from you! If—if you didn't kill her, did you maybe torture her a little?"

"Torture is wrong," I smiled. "Real wrong. Also sick."

"Oh, you poor boy!" sobbed Karlotta. "What have they or more correctly, what has she done to you? Where is the old mean and hateful 0008 I once knew? Trevor, for your own good, I must bring you down!"

And, with a lightning-fast karate chop she did just that.

Like she knocked me cold . . .

Put me to sleep . . .

And in that sleep, what awful dreams I had! Like I dreamed I went around bringing cheer to men and women and little children—instead of shooting them in the stomach. I . . . but the rest of my dreams are too perverted to describe . . .

So I draw a shimmering rainbow veil over them.

## Chapter 10

### WHEN I WOKE

it was morning. I was still under the pier, and Karlotta was prodding me (rather erotically) and urging me to, hateful phrase, rise and shine.

I groaned, took the paper cups full of orange juice and coffee she handed me, gulped them down.

"How do you feel?" she asked worriedly.

"Down," I snarled. "But normally down. I . . . Psychedelia! Did you let her escape? We must find her—smash her, beat her, whip her, kill her!"

"Thank Satan you're your old self again," sighed Karlotta, handing me a hamburger. "For a while I was afraid you might have been de-brutalized for good."

"No," I said. "Fortunately I must have been only a little bit turned on. I must be extraordinarily susceptible to hallucinogenics. But later for reconstructions of the crime committed against me. We must away—the

game's afoot again! Uh, let's find out if there's any late news."

I fiddled with my wrist-watch radio, called SADISTO HQ.

Seconds later I had the General.

"What news, General?" I asked. "We almost got our girl in Provincetown, but she got away."

"Tough break," muttered the General. "None of our other agents have had any luck either—KRUNCH and SADISTO teams are fanning out across the entire nation, checking every travel agency, hunting down suspected day trippers, infiltrating intermedia discotheques, flying—or perhaps I should say winging here, there and everywhere. So far without luck."

"Tsk, tsk," I swore.

"But we're bound to get a lead soon," the General said hopefully. "The entire combined manpower and girlpower of KRUNCH and SADISTO have been put on the case. And—certain others."

"Others?" I queried.

"Yes. The Mafia and a lot of people from the liquor industry are joining the big hunt. The Mafia naturally have an interest in getting their hot hands on two tons of LSD. And if they get it, of course, they won't pour it into reservoirs. They'll merely sell it through usual channels. And the nation's economy and sanity will have been saved. The liquor people are helping out for obvious reasons. Like, they've billions at stake. If America should become a nation of acid-heads they'd be ruined."

"How menace doth make for strange bedfellows . . ." I mused.

"Yes indeed," sighed the General. "The only slight clue that's come in—something you and Karlotta might follow up, 0008—is . . ."

"Clear channel Z!" trilled a strange female voice. "I have a message for Michael!"

"Michael's in New Orleans," snarled the General. "Contact him there, and get off the air!"

"Well you don't have to bite my head off!" snapped the strange female voice. "Besides, you don't sign my paychecks. I'm a KRUNCH kutie on loan. Over and out, fathead."

(Note: I realize that, in lurid spy fiction and spy TV programs nobody ever interrupts the conversation when the hero is calling HQ. But, alas, in real-life secret agenting it happens all the time. Like, there are so many agents in the field and so few channels . . .)

"Where was I?" said the General. "Ah, yes. Mafia Malone, a syndicate sexpot in Boston, reported seeing Psychedelia driving toward Logan Airport. She gave chase, but the hallucinogenic hussy outdrove her. She was in a Ford GT Mark II that can hit two-thirty if you like to go that fast. The mob moll lost her—went into a ditch, in fact. But not before she'd gotten close enough to hear Psychedelia singing. Something about taking a trip. California way."

"California!" I cried. "Of course!"

"Kalifornia!" cried the KRUNCH kolonel by my side. "Of kourse!"

"Thanks for the hot lead, General," I said. "Over and out."

"Naturally she'd head for California!" gasped Karlotta. "One more far-out female would go unnoticed there. I—"

Her wrist watch radio beeped.

"Excuse me," she said, pressing it to her ear. "This must be the nine a. m. KRUNCH report."

She listened intently, then grimaced, bit her lip.

"Bad news?" I asked as she turned off her set.

She nodded. "Ringo may have a sprained wrist. We're all Beatle fans at KRUNCH, of kourse. I just

hate it when they make those tours. The risks they take. All those foolish screaming girls . . . But come, we must arise and go now, and go to—California!"

And we did.

## Chapter 11

"SO THIS IS THE Sunset Strip!" gasped Karlotta. "As it happens I've never been here before. What a wild scene!"

And indeed she spoke the truth. For it was Saturday night and the Strip was swinging. Schools of motorcycles roared down the road, chopped and channelled dragsters snarled by, with here and there a Honda.

Wilder still were the sidewalks crammed with groovy jailbait girls in hip-hugging pants, bell-bottomed pants, blue jeans, mini-shirts or ultra-short short-shorts. Likewise lanky boys with long hair and iron crosses and sport shirts open to the belt line.

Music thundered from the discotheques, and the turned-on teen-agers snapped their fingers and rocked to the big beat as they sauntered along, or just leaned against buildings or each other.

"How depraved," I muttered, as a bevy of sixteen-

year-old girls strolled by, breasts bobbing idly under their semi-transparent silk shirts, haunches rolling suggestively beneath their skin-tight ski-pants. "But interesting . . ."

"Fascinating—if utterly despicable," agreed Karlotta, eyeing and getting eyed back by a group of teen-age boys. Long-haired boys, some in semi-pirate costume, others in weird fur coats, sarapes, Russian caps, leather jackets, bush jackets, Nazi helmets—the whole bit.

These kids are obviously having too much fun freaking out," I noted. "They should all be home where they belong . . ."

A laughing girl of about seventeen came running out of one of the discotheques. She was wearing high-heeled cowboy boots and had a black, shiny vinyl raincoat over her shoulders cape-fashion. Under the black shiny coat she was wearing nothing but a minimum bikini.

"Come on, fellows!" she cried to the boys. "Let's all go home where we belong—my home, that is. I'm in the mood to make the joint jump. Got a joint?"

And off they roared in a battered leopard-spotted hearse with surfboards stacked on the roof.

"Correction," I gasped. "Those kids shouldn't be home, they should be—on the road?"

ROAR!!! went a dozen motorcycles as they flashed past us.

"Not on the road," I amended. "These kids should be—well, someplace else."

"But then that place would be as bad as this place," said Karlotta. "Perhaps they could all be forced to join the Job Corps. Or aid in the War on Poverty . . ."

"War on Poverty? Not me, lady," snarled an uncouth lad on a motorcycle. "I did that scene—six months in the Far East dropping bombs on poor people. Not no more, though—I signed a separate

peace."

And off he uncouthly roared. Temporarily insane with rage I whipped out my Walther PPK automatic with the bulbous silencer and sent a brace of bullets after the treasonous lout. Unfortunately I missed.

"Dirty yellow-bellied pacifist," I snarled, holstering my gun. "HUAC, thou should'st be holding hearings at this hour . . ."

Meanwhile the scene was still jumping, the big beat beating and shapely girls hip-swinging.

"Being in the whiskey generation," muttered Karlotta, "I don't dig this rotten dirty rebellious psychedelic scene."

"Me neither," I agreed. "But we have to start somewhere, and according to SADISTO's computers, the Sunset Strip is where the psychedelic scene takes place. Or more so, at least. Perhaps we can pick up a clue or two. Let's casually sidle up to yon group of teen-age girls and listen in on their conversation."

"Let's," agreed Karlotta, and we casually shuffled over to a group of gear girls with pressed hair, tight white pants, broad leather belts and black lace bras—worn over their white blouses rather than under.

They—the girls, not their bras—were propped against a brick wall glancing through copies of *Drugs and the Mind*, *The Psychedelic Review* and a strange-looking newspaper named *The East Village Other*.

"Boy," muttered one of the chicks, "I sure have an acid—"

Karlotta and I tensed.

"—stomach," finished the girl. "Guess I shouldn't have eaten all those fudge sundaes at Will Wright's. Let's light up."

Karlotta and I tensed again.

Then we untensed: the girls were lighting up ordinary cigarettes.

Confound the law-abiding wenches!

"Pssst!" I psssted. "You chicks look like swingers. My, uh, gear girl and I are just in from the East Coast and, far from our usual hep—I mean hip contacts we are at a loss for thrill pills. Any you dolls know where we can get some dolls or sugar cubes?"

They stared at us blankly. Also with some alarm.

"You—you turn on with sugar cubes?" one queried.

"You bet," I lied. "That is, not with just plain sugar cubes—sugar cubes with a tiny bit of lysergic acid diethylamide added."

"Lysergic acid diethylamide?" they gasped in unison. "What's that?"

"Why—a vision and hallucination producing chemical. One three hundred thousandth of an ounce—a speck the size of a floating particle of dust—will turn a person on. All the way."

"What won't science think of next!" they cried as one.

"These girls obviously know from nothing," muttered Karlotta.

"Perhaps," I whispered back. "But we might as well probe a little more in a subtle manner."

To the teen-age girls I said: "Well, if you don't have any LSD contacts, how about introducing us to some swinger who can push—I mean sell us some grass."

"Grass?" they cried. "You intend to plant a lawn—at this hour? Here?"

"No, no," I snarled. "Not grass—grass! You know—tea, pot, Lady Hemp, *Cannabis sativa*, *Cannabis indica*, boo, reefers, grega, muta sticks, joints, hay, spit, muggles, weeds . . . pocket rockets?"

"Never heard of them," chorussed the girls. "They must be new rock 'n roll groups. What discs have they cut?"

"These girls are obviously square types," hissed Karlotta.

"I think you're right," I hissed back. "Uh, never mind, girls. On your willowy way. Uh—what book is that you're reading, little if stacked girl?"

"*Alice in Wonderland*," shyvoiced a little but luscious blonde, holding her book out for me to see.

"Very good," I said. "A fine book—all about a girl who eats mushrooms that make her grow and grow or else shrink and shrink, as I recall. And your books, tiny but tempting chick?"

"*The Kama Sutra* revised for young readers, and *Ali Baba*," cooed a tiny but torrid brunette, showing me.

"Fine," I said. "Stick with children's books like *Ali Baba* and you won't go wrong. That's where this fellow goes flying on a magic carpet woven of grass, isn't it? No harmful implications in a book like that. So long, girls. Go and sin no more. Or, if you haven't sinned yet, don't start. Though," I added, noting their truly breathtaking dimensions, "if you *should* decide to start sinning—"

"Come along!" snarled Karlotta, dragging me away. "Now what?" she queried.

"Despite the hazard to life, limb and our eardrums," I said. "We must start touring the intermedia discotheques. Uh, pardon me young sinner—I mean swinger. Can you direct my fab female and I to a grubby—I mean groovy discotheque?"

"Why not, pops?" yawned a finger-snapping cat in blue suede shoes, op art slacks, fringed leather shirt with a chrome plated German helmet over his unruly shoulder-length hair.

Pops indeed! I inwardly fumed. And me only twenty-nine . . .

"You folks want to freak here in L.A.? Or topsless town—that's 'Frisco, gramps. Or you wanna make the run to T.J., with a bliss bash at 'Diego on the way? Or—but wait, wildman! If'n you really crave for kicks, then ride your horsepower to the city that's really in

orbit—San Beldano!"

San Beldano was, as I well knew, the most far-out, wide-open, lawless city in the semi-lawless state of California. No doubt it was also the new center of the foul psychedelic scene . . .

"Thanks, little boy," I said. "Come, Karlotta—let's take a trip down San Beldano way!"

"So *this* is an intermedia discotheque!" cried Karlotta, some little while later. "Why—I never dreamed it would be like this! I mean, how far out can you get?"

Not much further, that was for sure.

No sooner had we arrived in San Beldano in our KRUNCH mini-moke (a handy vehicle for parking, as well as being the current *in* motor car among the jet-set crowd) but our attention had been caught by a huge billboard which read: WELCOME TRIPPERS! SAN BELDANO, THE FUN AND FESTIVAL CITY WELCOMES THEE—WITH FREE DMT!

And, sure enough, by the roadside was a booth with smiling bikini-clad cuties handing out DMT to motorists—just the way you get free orange juice handed to you when you cross the Florida state line.

"How morally indefensible!" exclaimed Karlotta.

"The city officials of this corrupt town will do anything to attract tourists," I agreed. "San Beldano has long been so wide open it's almost turned inside out."

And I sent the mini-moke roaring on its way. Down the depraved main drag of San Beldano.

Which was lined with more signs, with such repugnant legends as: WELCOME WIFE-SWAPPERS CONVENTION! and GREETINGS SEX CLUB SWINGERS! and GLAD TO SEE YOU, FLEEING CRIMINALS—REMEMBER, WE WON'T LET THEM EXTRADITE YOU SO LONG AS YOUR MONEY HOLDS OUT!

"First the Barbary Coast, then Disneyland, and now San Beldano! Is there no end to the ghastly in-



novations of the Californians?" murmured Karlotta.

"Apparently not," I muttered. "Look—we're approaching the San Beldano Strip!"

And, sure enough, ahead of us loomed the brightly lighted (or Night had spread her sable cloak over the land) buildings of down-town San Beldano. I noted many a familiar (for stern duty had led me to this sinful city before) neon sign: SEXY SAL'S STRIP-ORAMA . . . DEPRAVED DEBBY'S TOPLESS TEENAGERS ON PARADE . . . TOPLESS TOP-SY'S TORRID TEASE SHOW NOW GOING ON, OR MORE CORRECTLY, OFF! . . . THE CUDDLE CLUB—EVERY TABLE IN A DARK CORNER . . .

And so, depravedly, on . . .

But very shortly, too shortly, the scene changed . . .

"Strange," I muttered, "the old sin joints I knew and loved in seem to have been closing at a great rate—as if they'd been pushed out by more modern places, as happened, lamentably, on New York's 52nd Street and Greenwich Village's Grind Row . . ."

And sure enough, new neon signs loomed ahead. THE FLYING CARPET . . . ALADDIN'S LAMP . . . THE UP AND NEVER DOWN STAIRCASE . . . THE ORBIT CLUB . . . SHAZAM . . .!

Intermedia discotheques!

Pop Art parlors!

Dream dens!

And outside each raga rocking establishment were exotic signs advertising the entertainers: KRISHNA AND THE NIRVANAS . . . COYOTE AND THE PEYOTES . . . SILVA AND THE SEVEN UPANISHADS . . . MANDALA AND HER MERMAIDS . . . BRING-DOWN BRENDA . . . THE PSWINGING SILOCBINS . . . THE GANJA GROUP . . . TURN-ON TERESA . . .

"They must be acid rock—or raga rock—groups," said Karlotta, thumbing through her KRUNCH Kase

Manual. "Such groups, *turn page*, stress the droning sound stressed in Indian music, the near hypnotic beat which, *turn page*, is favored by freaking-out frails and bombed boys. End quote."

"Why oh why did the Beatles popularize that fiendish instrument, the sitar?" I raged. "Now both guitar and sitar are being used to, groan, play raga rock with . . . Here's a typical-looking pyschedelic disco—no, it's a psychedelicatesen. *There's* a typical-looking psychedelic discotheque. Shall we venture inside?"

"By all, shudder, means," stiffupperlipped Karlotta.

And we did, as noted at the start of this shock-packed chapter.

And what a strange and curious scene we found . . .

Music, music, music assaulted our ears—big beat, atonal, off-beat sounding, Indo-Asian-like, mesmerizing music—coming from a group of dream dolls named DMT and her Five Tenses.

Strange, exotic, erotic lights—spinning discs of neon, winding spirals of incandescence, glowing globs of projected color which swirled and changed shape electronically with the music, moire patterns splattered hypnotically across the walls in ever-shifting op-art designs of pure color.

And, oh horror piled upon horror, here and there, on square or round or free-form-shaped screens, movies, sans sound, were being projected—old horror movies, old television commercials mangled and reedited almost beyond recognition, a Pete Smith Specialty projected upside down over a print of *Son of The Sheik*.

There was sculpture, too: morbid mobiles of glass, or metal, or bits of bright-colored cloth—naked window dummies with clock's in their stomachs and coin slots—elsewhere—and paratrooper boots on their plaster feet.

Also a stone Cupid spouting bright colored smoke through his nostrils and out his—yes!—his mouth . . .

But most shocking of all were the customers . . .

And the clothes they wore . . .

It was like a costume party of the Twenty-Fifth Century.

But worse.

Gorgeous girls in yellow slickers with jagged holes torn in them (the slickers) here and there to reveal gleaming female flesh and provocative female parts . . .

Men in multi-colored feathers, looking prouder than peacocks . . . chicks in burlap sacks entwined with tinsel . . . guys in black wet suits complete with SCUBA tanks (or where they brandy barrels?) on their backs . . .

Maidens in cellophane, with sometimes a brand-name soup can label pasted over their breasts or fig leaf zones, and sometimes not . . .

Long-haired characters of either sex in Reynolds Wrap, and spangles, and long red underwear patched with postage stamps, and fishnet patched with bits of fur, and—but my mind still reels even thinking about it.

And all these far-out females and glassy-eyed guys were dancing, dancing in a dream-like, trance-like, ecstatic manner.

Karlotta and I found a table to our liking, deftly judo-chopped the couple already sitting there, slid their bodies under an adjoining table, sat down.

A waitress undulated up to us.

And what a waitress!

Tall and fantastically well built, she was totally nude above the waist save for paint. A circular yin-yang symbol had been painted in red and blue over her shapely left breast, an orange spiral wound around her rounded right breast.

And below the waist she was totally nude also, save for a scrawled message written in green across the milky whiteness of her bare belly.

*Mustn't look!* said the message. A purple arrow showed the section of her body where customers were requested not to look.

(Did I look anyway? Yes. But only for the possible ultimate benefit of the Free World.)

(And wow!)

"What's your pleasure, folks?" murmured the waitress, gazing dreamily at a spinning light which kept changing colors and idly snapping her fingers to the big if bestial beat. "Mushroom sauce? Peyote buttons? Corned beef with hash? Bhang tea, home brewed? Green hornets? Sexy-dexies? Or would you rather just pay the minimum and let the lights and music turn you on?"

"People can get turned on just by listening to music and watching those crazy patterns of lights?" I gasped.

"I'll say!" dreamysmiled Karlotta, whose eyes were beginning to get glossy.

Rapidly I cuffed her across the face. Hard. Several times.

"Huh? What? Where am I?" Karlotta cried. "Oh. Oh! Thank you, 0008. I—I almost fell under the evil spell of that hypnotic music, those mesmeritic lights."

"Don't let it all get to you," I urged. "Keep reciting the Boy Scout Pledge. Hum the marches of John Phillip Souza. Bite your tongue. Push a lighted cigarette against your delicate flesh. Do anything—but stay tense! Also alert and ready for anything."

Meanwhile our waitress, who had paid no attention to us or our conversation, was still standing by our table, shifting her weight in tempo with the big beat, still snapping her fingers.

"Uh—just a glass of beer," I said. "Two glasses, that is."

The waitress shrugged, shook her head sadly, undulated off—stopping briefly on her way to dance a bit on the main floor.

"What a den of—something or other," muttered Karlotta, thankfully once more tense.

"How right you are," I conceded. "But we must linger awhile. Who knows but that Psychedelia herself may show? And then, heh, heh, we can bring her down. Gun her down, I mean."

So we stayed. And sipped beer. And longed for whiskey. And fought, fought, fought a titanic battle within ourselves to keep from getting turned on by the wild lights, the wilder music, the infectious air of zombie-like rapture pervading the perilous place.

Karlotta's jaws moved as if she were in a chewing gum race—biting her tongue, no doubt. I hummed to myself, all the Guy Lombardo records I could remember, chanted *Trustworthy, Loyal, Clean, Obedient* and—what were the rest? I couldn't remember. The raga rock was getting to me, infiltrating my brain with its terrifying tentacles of harmony—or lack of harmony.

I tugged at the suddenly too tight collar of my HIS suit, my Thom McCann shoes felt all at once too small, my fingers were itching to snap and—

And then we saw her!

Psychedelia Schmidt!

No . . .

Just a girl who looked like her . . .

(For in the real-life secret-agent trade, life is fraught with false alarms.)

Meanwhile DMT and her Five Tenses kept on playing, playing on guitars, sitars, electric dulcimers, Elizabethan recorders, electronic spinets, turned-on temple bells, steel drums and Satan only knows what else.

Sometimes they played acidified versions of such classic jazz numbers as *Reefer Song*, *Sweet Marijuana Brown*, *If you're a Viper* and *Muggles*—oldies from the prehistoric pre-bop era.

Other times they did their own far-out version of more modern songs—like The Byrds' *Eight Miles High*, Bob Dylan's *Rainy Day Women*, the Rolling Stones' *Paint it Black*. Or *Rubber Soul*, *Puff the Magic Dragon*, *Comin' Down*, *Green Grass*, and *The Gates of Eden* . . .

All, according to Karlotta's KRUNCH Kase Manual, songs which had a special meaning to the psychedelically oriented (though, of course, the famous entertainers who wrote or popularized these songs cannot, of course, be blamed for the heinous meanings evil types read into them. The songs, I mean, not the famous entertainers).

Ghastly!

I could almost hear the moral fabric of America ripping . . .

"Kourage!" whispered Karlotta. "Remember that psychedelic pscrewballs like these represent only a tiny fraction of American Youth. While these depraved delinquents seek their sordid visions and insights, all across the land millions of healthy, normal American teen-agers are doing healthy, out-door things—joining 4H clubs, robbing gas stations, climbing mountains, throwing gasoline bombs through school windows . . ."

I nodded. In my heart I knew she was right, but total horror of the scene I was watching and hearing all but turned my mind.

And then—we saw her!

Psychedelia Schmidt!

And this time it really *was* Psychedelia Schmidt!

She was drifting across the crowded floor of the discotheque wearing a sort of Braniff hostess outfit—plastic bubble atop her head, modernistic multi-colored dress, shiny blue boots.

Mystic geometrical symbols had been cut out of her dress, revealing mystic geometric sections of her luscious body . . .

"Let's get her!" I gritted, sliding out of my chair.

"Let's!" panthervoiced Karlotta.

Like two deadly sharks we moved through the sea of freakingout swingers, spreading out so as to make our hit from two sides, my hand on the butt of my underarm Walther, Karlotta's handbag-hidden Gyrojet pistol at the ready.

Psychedelia was moving away from us. Had she seen us? No, she hadn't so much as glanced in our direction. Only—

"Rear view mirrors on her dark glasses!" I gasped. "She must have spotted us—CHARGE!"

And, heedless of the horrified halluci-heads through, or more correctly between whom we plunged, heedless of the overturned tables, musicians, mobiles, movie screens, statues and statuesque waitresses we sent flying, we streaked after our prey.

She fled lightly through a door. And, heedless of the STAFF ONLY sign on the door, I plunged after her, Karlotta at my heels.

The door swung shut behind us and we found ourselves inside a small room.

And what a room! It was like a left-over set from a Modesty Blaise movie—op art patterns all over. Floor, walls and ceiling were painted in wavy lines, mixed moire patterns of dazzling color.

At the far end of the room Psychedelia was tugging at a stuck door handle. She whirled, snarled at us in trapped fury.

"Riddle her!" I roared, whipping my gun out with such force that (alas, the underarm holster came with it. The underarm holster whizzed upwards to CLINK hit the fragile chain holding a huge metal mobile just above us, bringing, sad to relate, the entire mobile down KAHRASH!!! on our heads.

Knocking us, unfortunately, cold.

## Chapter 12

### WHEN I AWOKE

Karlotta was naked. So was I, for that matter, but I noticed her nakedness first, for I'm no narcissist.

Both of us were tied firmly to a wooden chair. I tested the ropes. Very firmly!

I looked around. We were in a big room, also decorated with wild and wavy lines of bright-colored paint. Rugs of zebra, tiger stripe and leopard spot patterns on the floor. Multi-colored lights on the ceiling.

"She's trying to brainwash us!" gasped Karlotta.

"Not so, dear friends," murmured Psychedelia, stepping through a door. "I have no wish to harm you—or any living being, for that matter."

"Oh yeah?" I sneered. "So why did you have us stripped and tied to these chairs—? So you can torture us, that's why!"

Psychodelia shook her lovely if savage head. "Not at all. I undressed you, young lady," she said to Karlotta, "because it was obvious that you had dozens of deadly weapons concealed in your clothes. And I undressed you, sir, for the same reason."

"Hah!" I scoffed.

"Evidently, in fact obviously," continued Psychodelia, "you are both secret agents of some sort. Ordered to bring me down the hard way."

"And we'll kill you yet," I gravevoiced.

"Killing is wrong," pleaded Psychodelia, squatting lotus-style on the carpet in front of us. "So is tying people up, of course; but I felt I have no alternative. Undoubtedly you're well trained in killing with your bare hands. I, alas, in the unenlightened days when I worked for KRUNCH, had basic training in such brutal combat methods."

"According to our top secret personnel files," sneered Karlotta, "you barely passed the course."

Psychodelia shrugged. "Now I have put aside such childish and nasty things. I've turned on to greater realities."

"Acid-head! Hop-head! Tea-head! Dope-fiend! Stinker? Non-conformist! Probable-traitor! Rotten egg!" I jeered.

"No, no, I'm not evil" protested Psychodelia. "I'm just trying to expand people's minds. Enlarge their self-awareness. Help them gain insight into themselves, into life . . ."

"I know your rotten, dirty plan!" I snarled. "You have two tons of LSD—stolen LSD—and you plan to use it to turn on the better part of the entire country. You'll kill millions—drive other millions insane! And you say you're trying to help people, you filthy dope pusher!"

Psychodelia hung her lovely if lethal head. "I know. The very breadth and scope of my plan frightens even

little me at times." She raised her head again defiantly. "But it must be done! We must make a quantum jump toward the new world of inner space! Don't you see? It's going to take years and years—decades, perhaps—before people accept mind-expanding drugs. Before they enact sane laws to regulate their use. But until then hundreds—thousands—will be jailed, reviled, despised, persecuted!"

"Did you hear her let slip that word 'persecuted'?" I hissed to Karlotta. "Just as I figured—this chick is paranoid." To Psychodelia I said: "According to what I've heard, taking a trip via LSD when you aren't ready for or expecting it is the worst thing that can happen to you. You want to send a hundred and fifty million innocent people on a bad trip?"

Psychodelia shook her head. "There will be casualties, of course. But not *that* many—no more accidental deaths, perhaps, than would die in traffic accidents during the same period. You see . . ."

"Trevor," I said.

"You see, Trevor, I have it all worked out. As soon as my agents and I dump the LSD into the nation's drinking supply—on Christmas Eve was my original plan—I'll issue a statement. Telling the nation what has happened. Warning them that they'll soon find themselves in orbit. Urging them not to be afraid but to have a happy trip."

"Fantastic numbers will go buggy anyway," I objected. "Be subjected to unimaginable terrors."

"You can't win a war without breaking a few omelets," snapped Psychodelia. "Maybe this kind of nation-wide shock treatment is a bit risky. But out of it will come a brave new world. Millions will have a real bad trip, I fear. But other millions, tens of millions, will have had a transcendental experience. And even if they don't want to have another, they'll understand what it's all about. And be tolerant of those who dig

it."

"Bestial," I gasped. "Fiendish! All drugs are bad! Including pot!"

"Oh, pooh!" sniffed Psychedelia. "Have you ever looked at some of the old-time temperance posters? Showing once happy husbands and fathers turned into sodden drunks overnight by one sip of beer? That's how you older people look on pot—a nightmare monster that must be stamped out."

"Liar! Liar!" I raged. "You're a liar twice over—first, because all mind-expanding drugs are bad, bad, bad; and second, in calling me an older person. Why, I'm only twenty-nine . . ."

"I can't reach, you," sighed Psychedelia. "I—wait! I have it! We'll all take a happy trip together—that will convince you."

"No, no!" screamed Karlotta.

"No, no!" I yelled. "You wouldn't dare experiment on us against our will. How can you call yourself a do-gooder when you want to send us flying when we don't want to fly?"

"But you'll have a good friend, me, traveling with you as your guide," argued Psychedelia.

"You're no friend of mine," I growled.

"Likewise!" cried Karlotta.

"But I am your friend, you stupid, prejudiced idiots!" shrieked Psychedelia. "You hear me? I'm your friend, friend, friend!"

"Cracked," I muttered in an aside to Karlotta. "Hopelessly cracked."

"Why don't we change the conversation," muttered Karlotta.

"Good idea," I muttered back. To Psychedelia I said: "Uh, how in the world will you be able to poison—I mean turn on—tens of thousands of reservoirs and wells all at once?"

"It isn't going to be easy," agreed Psychedelia. "But

I think I can swing it. Here's my plan . . ."

"We're all ears," chorussed Karlotta and I. As indeed we were.

"First," said Psychedelia, "I have a loyal group of followers—turned-on friends and disciples who approve my plan. They will serve as the brains of my ring. Believe it or not, I have a hundred girls and boys willing and eager to help me all the way."

"Not enough," I said, stalling for time—and also, of course, anxious to know more about her nefarious plans.

"Correct. So I will—oh, supreme irony—have to rely upon common criminals to do most of the leg work. Thanks to ten million I stole from the KRUNCH petty cash drawer before I fled, I have the money to hire plenty."

"Diabolical!" I raged.

"So that's where the petty cash went," mused Karlotta.

"These criminal types," continued Psychedelia, "will not be told they're dumping LSD. They'll be told they're dumping a powerful sleeping potion. So as to put whole towns to sleep—so they can be robbed at leisure."

"And those rotten criminals will do just that!" I gasped.

"Hardly. The very act of dumping the concentrated LSD powder will ensure that a few specks of it drift back to the dumper—thereby turning him or her on but good. Like they'll be too busy flying for weeks to yield to anti-social activities."

I shuddered. Inwardly and outwardly. Confound the wench! Her plan *was* well worked out—too well worked out. It stood a good chance of succeeding . . .

Oh total ultimate horror!

Oh woe!

Oh dear!



A whole nation in orbit!

"You dope fiend!" I yelled. "You loathsome monster! How dare you expand people's minds when, like me, they don't *want* their minds expanded? Talk about violating human rights!"

"That is a tricky ethical problem," frowned Psychedelia. "One that has given me many a sleepless night, in fact."

"It should," I snapped. "I, for one, don't want to be more aware—I don't want any insights—I don't want to feel one with humanity, or the universe. I'm happy the way I am, happy as a clam with my job—killing, maiming, ravishing and torturing, though only for the ultimate benefit of the Free World, of course. You can't tell me one thing that LSD can do that would make me want to take it—go on! Tell me one thing that might appeal to me!"

"Well," purselipped Psychedelia, "For one thing, it's the most powerful aphrodisiac ever discovered."

"Horrible," I cried. "What a loath—huh? It is?"

She nodded.

"Oh," I said. "Uh, just out of idle curiosity, tell me more."

"Me too!" cried Karlotta.

And Psychedelia did so . . .

But first she rose to her dainty if diabolical feet.

"Since you two are both nude," she told us, "I feel the friendly thing to do is attain the same state."

And so saying, she began to remove her clothes.

And, despite myself, I found myself drooling inwardly at least.

What a build that beautiful though bestial babe had . . .

What proud, high, firm, jutting breasts—milky white spheres of pleasure flesh, dual shapely mountains of snow—through which seemed to thrust the red rosebuds of her nipples.

Her waist inswept and erotically narrow . . .

Her hips flaring and erotically wide . . .

Buttocks like billows of bliss . . . thighs long and lush and richly, ripely resilient-looking . . .

The smooth sleek splendor of her belly, whiter than a white lily.

No doubt about it, on a low level of course, her body really turned you on.

She tossed her long black hair, fixed her huge violet eyes upon us, smiled.

"As I was saying," she purred, "LSD is the most powerful aphrodisiac known."

"It helps you to make love, huh?" I queried.

"Exactly! Or more correctly, to love . . . To love color and harmony, love a vase of flowers on a lovable table, love the tangible shapes of music, the sounds of perfume, the wondrous sight of voices . . . You find yourself cummuning with, loving the texture of your wallpaper, the spiralling of cigarette smoke . . ."

"Oh," I said. "That sort of thing. I thought you meant—"

"So did I," sighed Karlotta.

"Sexual love?" queried Psychedelia. "But it does that too, of course. That most of all, in fact. Don't you understand? It can—if all goes well—intensify sensation a hundred, a thousandfold. Stroking a girl's arm for a moment while turned on is as erotically exciting as fondling her and feeling her up all over for hours in the normal state."

"Golly!" I gasped.

"Leapin' lizards!" ejaculated Karlotta.

"Millions of cells in the ends of the tips of your fingers seem to explode orgasmically as you stroke a member of the opposite sex . . . (continued Psychedelia) . . . ecstatic impulses seem to flood your brain, do flood your brain. Pulse after exquisite pulse of delight sears through you—each pulse incomparably more ero-

tic than the most far-out sexual sensation you've ever felt before . . ."

"Do go on," I urged.

"You seem to melt and merge with your love partner, to experience untold millions of soaring sensual sensations. You blend with your partner, become one with your partner, experience every thrill he or she thrills to, reach climactic ecstasy time after time . . . dozens of times, . . . hundreds of times!"

"Wow!" I commented.

"Golly gee!" cried Karlotta.

"But," said Psychedelia, "Because the stuff makes you and your partner incredibly, totally aware—intellectually as well as emotionally—this sort of super-super-erotic interrelationship only occurs during a relationship."

"Explain yourself," I frowned.

"I mean," said Psychedelia, "that you can't just use LSD to turn on sexually or turn someone else on. Casual sex, selfish sex, leering and lecherous sex becomes not pleasant but a ghastly sham, a nightmare. For you and your partner both."

"You mean?" I moaned.

"Simply that LSD intensifies your awareness of realities. If a man uses it to make love to a harlot—he sees her, understands her, comprehends her as a harlot. He can't kid himself, illusion himself she's anything but what she is; that she feels anything but what she feels—disdain, disgust, contempt.

"And if a girl uses it while making love to a slobbering would-be Don Juan, she, too, sees him for what he is—a bundle of bestial neuroses using her as a mere vessel, another notch for his suspenders, the sight and scent and touch and intrusion of him becomes utterly disgusting."

"Only," she longwinded, "if a truly healthy, happy, love-filled relationship exists can LSD intensify de-

light a thousand fold."

"Darn," I snarled. "I *knew* there was a catch to it!" For, Like many red-blooded, hundred percent virile he-men, I naturally feel not love, but a feeling of conquest toward the girls I make it with.

Naturally. Aren't girls mere vessels to be filled at a man's whim? Isn't love simply an empty word, meaningless beside the more important demands of lust? Of course! My philosophy so far as girls are concerned is simple and to the point—find 'em, feel 'em, flip 'em and forget 'em.

Understandably.

I mean, girls are just—girls. Hunks of flesh designed for a man's casual pleasure.

Love one?

Never!

Why squander my time on one girl when I could and can and do find and then bed and bliss-bash girl after faceless girl?

Don Juan complex?

Not me.

I am Don Juan!

"So," I sighed, "this LSD won't help me make it with the girls I pick up for my passing pleasure?"

"No," said Psychedelia.

"And it won't help me get a few more kicks from the men I pick up merely to sate my momentary passionate whim?" asked Karlotta.

"I'm afraid not," said Psychedelia.

"Just as I thought," I snarled. "This stuff is rotten to the core!"

"Useless to the core!" cried Karlotta.

Psychedelia said nothing. She just looked sad.

"I fear, alas, my arguments have been to no avail. I—much though I detest the idea—have no choice. No choice but to turn both of you on. Under my benign guidance, of course. Once you start escalating through

the five levels of consciousness, with me traveling by your side and guiding you, I'm sure you'll both see things in a different light."

"I" I paniclooked at Karlotta.

"?!" she paniclooked back.

What to do?

How to avoid being turned on, having our minds expanded—perhaps even losing our craving for whiskey?

What to do?

I thought furiously, desperately, rapidly.

And then I realized there was only one thing to do. So I did it.

"I'm on your side, Psychedelia," I lied. "I agree it's wrong to kill and torture and maim and give people a real hard time."

"Oh, 0008!" wailed Karlotta (little guessing my cunning plan), "how you've changed!"

"Continue, pray do," urged Psychedelia, frowning.

"You bet," I twofaced. "Like I was saying, I think it's just great—your plan to turn on the entire North American continent. Just imagine—a nation of happy, thoughtful, kind, considerate, introspective dreamers. Only you've forgotten just one little thing."

"Which is?" furrowed Psychedelia.

"The rest of the world. So okay, you make the United States one big peaceful collection of people. The rest of the world is going to remain ambitious, vindictive and rapacious—to quote Alexander Hamilton's indictment of all mankind."

"And?" said Psychedelia.

"Don't you see?" I said. "While the entire United States population is harmonizing with the universe, loving mankind, feeling friendly toward the world—the rest of the world will be busy jumping the U.S."

"You think so?" frowned Psychedelia.

"I'm certain of it," I told her. "What did trust in

human nature gain six million Jews in Europe during World War II? Death, that's what. Horrible, grisly, fiendish, inhumanly inflicted death. Men, women, girls, little children burned alive—gassed like so many insects by the grinning Germans."

Psychedelia nodded slowly, thoughtfully.

"I'm all for the love of mankind, for passive resistance," I said. "But only if all the world plays by the same rules. You think Hitler would have tolerated a nation of kindly mystics? He'd have gassed 'em to make room for Ayrans"

"But—but what about my plan?" cried Psychedelia. "Must I discard it?"

"Not at all," I lied. "Merely postpone it a little while. Until you can expand it—expand it to turn the entire world on! Because only when the entire world feels kindly inclined toward mankind, only then can good will prevail. And not get clobbered from behind."

"Why—why you're right!" cried Psychedelia. "I should have realized! Mean old men like Mao wouldn't respect the psychedelic tranquility of the American nation—he'd attack us! As would the Albanians, and . . ."

"And plenty of other nations," I agreed, "including, I fear, the North and South Vietnamese. No, Psychedelia, you can't create a partial paradise on Earth, or the angry peoples will move in. And chop up the friendly types. Face it, Psychedelia, you have to turn on the entire world at once if your plan is to succeed."

"How right you obviously are!" gasped Psychedelia. "Even though you've never been fully turned on, Trevor, it's obvious that you have a great deal of insight."

"That's me," I said a bit smugly.

"I—we—must turn on not one nation but every nation!" she exclaimed. "Well, back to the drawing boards. In a year or two, no doubt, I'll be able to manufacture twenty tons of LSD. And have a world-

wide organization deployed to use it. Think of it—the whole world in orbit! All mankind attuned to the universe and love. What a—

"Horrible thought!" snickered a new female voice.

I turned my head. As did Karlotta. And Psychedelia.

And there, lounging in a doorway, a savage smile on her lovely Oriental face, her magnificent breasts erotically delineated by the clinging Shantung silk of her crimson blouse, her indescribably feminine hips and buttocks and thighs clung to by the scarlet silk stretch pants she wore was—

"Moonflower!" I cried. "The bestial Chinese ChiCom chick also known as ZZ99, the most dreaded agent of MINGFLING! Uh, what are you doing here?"

"Ensuring," chuckled Moonflower, languidly moving her Chukow machine pistols to cover us all, "that Psychedelia's plan takes place as scheduled. How droll it will all be—the Yankee Imperialist nation crumbling, not even fighting against the fanatical invasion of my six hundred million ideologically turned on countrymen! I can see it all now . . . rice paddies growing all across the Middle West, in Central Park, in the Everglades . . . The entire U.S. occupied by my kind of people—tearing flowers out of private homes because they're anti-revolutionary, making Chinese the official language from Anchorage to Key West!

"Oh revolutionary joy! Oh fanatical bliss! Oh ideological delight! Soften up, suckers so that we dedicated fanatics of the far left wing can engulf you!"

"Why—why those dedicated fanatics of the far, far left can be as dangerous as you right-wing SADISTO and KRUNCH agents!" sobbed Psychedelia.

"You said an Imperialistic mouthful," sneered Moonflower. "At times I feel your Birchers are swinging so far right they may meet our goon squads swinging left. And together we'll cope with the middleground of the

so-called reasonable types as represented by the hateful average Russians and average Americans. But enough of ideological dialectic! Seize that female, minions!"

And, almost instantly, scowling ChiCom commandos rushed into the room and grabbed Psychedelia.

"Take her away!" commanded Moonflower.

And, grinning ideologically, the depraved dialectical materialists dragged Psychedelia off. Screaming! Meanwhile more ChiCom commandos infiltrated the room to menace Karlotta and me—burly Oriental types in black silk pajamas, black medals, and black steel helmets in the shape of coolie hats.

"It looks," chuckled Moonflower, "as if we Bad Guys are on top . . ."

## Chapter 13

"HOW DID YOU find out about this insane plan of Psychedelia's?" I asked, just to say something.

"Actually," said Moonflower, strolling to the window and staring dreamily out, "I got my job through the *New York Times* . . . They reported that some Representatives claimed that the teen-agers of America were being peddled drugs by we ChiComs—to undermine Yankee morale. Naturally this started us thinking. Like, we thought, why not?"

"So I was sent to case the scene. Thanks to my many contacts and my winning ways, I soon learned that both SADISTO and KRUNCH were chasing one Psychedelia for cause. And need I point out just how well her plan fits in with our plans?"

She didn't need to. It was all too horribly obvious. With the entire nation on cloud nine at the same time,

there'd be little or no resistance against the hundred million ChiCom regulars and militia who'd swarm ashore the next day. They'd—

"Say," I said. "Don't you have a little logistic problem? Like how are you going to land a hundred million Chinese soldiers? You don't have enough ships."

Moonflower nodded. "We intend to build a bridge—a bamboo pontoon bridge. We have the manpower for it, of course. Also the bamboo."

"A bridge across the Pacific?" I gasped. "Impossible!"

"Oh, not all the way across in a straight line," said Moonflower. "We plan to start the bridge from North Korea, on the beach closest to Manchuria. Then the bridge will swing North and East between Japan and the mainland, make a right turn to pass through the Soviet Kuril Islands, then North-North-West to Attu and the rest of the Aleutian Islands. Once we reach Alaska proper we just pour down the Alcan Highway, blowing trumpets and shouting fanatical slogans. Also liquidating Imperialists as we go."

I gasped. So *this* was what was behind the talk about another "Great Leap" by the Chinese Reds—they were going to greatleap across the Pacific!

"It won't work!" I shouted. "Even if you had hundreds of millions of laborers . . ."

"Which we do," chuckled Moonflower.

". . . and enough bamboo and rope . . ."

"Which we have," boasted Moonflower.

". . . the project would still be out of the question," I objected. "Great waves would wash over the floating bridge, destroying miles of it at a time. Killing millions of workers."

"We'd rebuild those sections," said Moonflower. "And replace the millions of workers with more millions of workers. Actually we calculate we'll only lose a

hundred and fifty million men and women during the construction of the bridge. And another fifty million soldiers will, we expect, get washed off the bridge during their Long March. But what's two hundred million lives?"

"Tsk, tsk," I muttered.

"Nothing," said Moonflower, answering her own bestial question. "The important thing is, about a hundred and fifty million regular and reserve troops of both sexes will reach America. Fully armed. And fanatically turned on, if slightly sea-sick and foot-weary. And the American people dreaming and communing with nature will be exterminated."

"Reprehensible!" I expostulated.

"Sounds like fun to me," chuckled Moonflower. "I myself have been promised the military governorship of New Peking. That's what we plan to call Los Angeles. I plan to set up my temporary headquarters in Grauman's Chinese Theater."

"This chick is even crazier than Psychedelia," whispered Karlotta.

"So, unfortunately, are her leaders," I whispered back. "They just might try it."

Meanwhile, Moonflower was still gazing out the window. "What a corrupt city this is," she mused. "And what quaint names I see advertised over those revisionist discotheques: *Giles Gautama and the Beat Buddhists . . . IFIFI and the Kiss Bugs . . . Sativa and the Sirens . . .* Totally un-Marxist!"

Karlotta and I said nothing. We just tugged at the ropes which bound us.

"Well, enough lazing and dreaming," sighed Moonflower. "I'd best see to the torturing of Psychedelia—get her to reveal the location of the two tons of LSD, the names of her contacts, etc. etc. Farewell for ever, hated Imperialistic lackeys . . . Guards! Give these two a real hard time, then execute them. Be sure to

save 0008's head, though, I may want to mount it in my trophy room later."

And with that, and a taunting—and extremely vulgar—wave of her dainty golden hand, she sauntered out, her red-silk-clad hips undulating erotically from side to side.

"Gulp!" said Karlotta.

I turned to the three menacing guards. "*Song hang fu lik tu?*" I gasped. Meaning, of course, "Don't do it fellows! Spare us! Have mercy! Or else accept a lucrative bribe and come over the L and M side—L and M, of course, standing for Loot and Money. Think of it, fellows! Each of you can be fanatically—I mean fantastically rich, own a house and two swimming pools and three mistresses in Malibu or Beverly Hills or any place you please. Come on fellows defect now!"

"Nothing doing, Mac," snapped the leader of the brutal guards. "We're dedicated Stalinists. And orders are orders. However . . ."

He turned and had a whispered consultation with his two fellow guards, then turned back to us.

"However, we *might* consider just killing you quick. Omitting the tedious, not to mention horrible torture. If you cooperate, that is."

"Cooperate? Of course we'll cooperate," chorussed Karlotta and I. "Cooperate how?"

"Well," said the head guard, lowering his voice still more, "the fact is, before we became dedicated Stalinists and Maoists, my buddies and I used to blow some pretty mean electric lutes and mandolins. The big beat, Buddhist style, you dig? And like many modern musicians we used to blow a little pot from time to time when the fanatical fuzz weren't looking."

I gasped. Inwardly. Oriental dope fiends! Still, their foul craving might be turned to our benefit.

"The wise word is you cats are like pushing—or at



least holding—some pretty first-rate stuff,” continued the guard. “Lay a few sticks on us and we’ll forego the terrible torture bit. Content ourselves with ravishing and killing the lady, then ravishing and killing you.”

“Sounds like a decent enough—ravishing me?” I gasped.

“I’m just a teeny-weeny bit deviationist in my private life,” simpered a tall ChiCom guard with an earring in one ear.

“All right, all right—we’ll eliminate the ravishing,” snapped the head guard. “We’ll just kill you quickly and kindly. If you lay a few joints on us, that is. Otherwise, we make chop-chop with plente bad torture of thousand knives, tee hee,” he added, lapsing into his native language.

I looked at Karlotta, shrugged.

She looked at me, shrugged and nodded.

“Deal,” I said. “This stuff is just off the truck from T.J. Uncut. Made from the tender, tiny leaves of the female plant. Untie us and we’ll show you where we have it stashed.”

“Right,” said the guard, whipping out a knife and slashing at our ropes. “No tricks now, just remember you two are naked and unarmed and we have submachine guns and—oof!”

*Thud, thud, thud . . .*

“Poor doomed fools,” muttered Karlotta, staring down at the crumpled figures of the defunct guards, and idly rubbing her bruised karate hand. “When will they ever learn that a KRUNCH kutie can kill two armed men in a fraction of a second.”

“What do you mean two?” I snarled. “I judo-jabbed two, you only karate-krunched one.”

“Well, we’ll each take credit for one and a half,” said Karlotta. “Come, let’s go machine-gun Moon-flower and her minions!”

And, scooping up a submachine gun apiece, we

dashed off to do just that.

(Note: I realize that some of my readers may object to the just described action scene being over in a sentence or two. So many people, seeped in lurid spy fiction, are accustomed to battles which go on for page after page after page. Well, I’m sorry. But in the real-life secret-agent business you act like lightning or you don’t act at all. A good karate-judo fighter—and I’m very good and Karlotta was pretty good—can kill two men with two lightning strokes before either has had time to take up more than half the slack on a gun’s trigger. Just as quick-draw gunfighters can (and often do at exhibitions) go for their gun, draw it, cock it and fire it before their opponent with a gun already leveled and cocked and has had time to get off a shot. It’s all in the training. And constant practice. And the end result is the same—instant, lightning-fast action.

However, since so many of my readers must have been anticipating some thrilling, blood-drenched, bullet-torn action, I will interpolate here a page from an old diary of mine describing just such a scene:)

Screaming fanatically, the bearded Arab sent his racing camel charging up the sandy slope toward the old stone fort I was defending.

“Allah akbah and Nasser too!” he screamed, raising his great glittering sword high above his head, “Die, Infidel SADISTO dog!”

I jerked the trigger of my automatic—empty! Frantically, I tugged at one of the iron spikes set in the stone wall, jerked it free, hurled it at the snarling Arab.

Thud! It pierced his flowing robes and his chest.

“Ahhhhk!” he deathrattled, as blood spurted and fountained out his front and back—for my mighty throw had skewered him like a—well, like a skewered fanatical Arab.

I whirled as yet another Arab, this one astride an

Arabian stallion, gained the top of the stone parapet, leveled his lance and charged. I ducked, stuck out my foot, tripped the horse, and horse and rider went somersaulting through the air to land—

CRUNCH! SQUELCH! in the sandy moat below.

"Help, help! I'm being ravished!" screamed Princess Abu Bubu. "Ravished by my step-uncle the Grand Vizier! Save me!"

"Later for your petty personal problems," I snarled. "I'm busy!"

And indeed I was—for one of the Arabs had torn a fifty-caliber machine gun loose from the turret of the sun-bleached B-24 which had crashed during World War II and, with its cargo of diamonds still intact, had remained hidden in the trackless desert until now.

BLAM-BLAM-BLAM - BLAM - BLAM - BLAM  
BLAM-BLAM! thundered the heavy-caliber gun.

Pock-pock-pock-pock-pock-pock! Stone chips went flying from the stone parapet as the bullets ricocheted screaming around me.

I raced along the parapet, keeping low, now and then firing a rifle shot from behind the cover of one of the defunct defenders' bodies—or to be more correct grammatically, from behind the body of first one defunct defender and then another.

"Help, help! Now I'm being ravished by Shiek Shiksa himself!" screamed the golden-haired princess, whose throne SADISTO had promised to restore in SADISTO's top-secret furniture restoring department.

"So write Dear Abby!" I snapped, diving under a hail of—SPANG-SPANG-SPANG-SPANG!—bullets. Safe! Now, if I could only get the centuries-old Arabian muzzle-loading cannon to work . . .

Wad? Wad. Powder? Powder. Second wad? Second wad. Ramrod? Ramrod. Cannon ball? No cannon ball. What to do? There was, I realized with sickened heart,

only one thing to do . . .

Distastefully I grabbed a sword and—CHOP!—severed the head of a semi-defunct fanatical Arab. And as—GURGLE—blood spouted from both head and trunk, I rammed the head into the cannon, swung the ancient weapon—and fired!

BLAM!

SWISH . . . . . SPLAT!

The makeshift and rather grisly cannonball whizzed through the air and hit the machine-gun-wielding Arab in the stomach with such terrible force that his entire lower body literally exploded—intestines and internal organs whizzing in all directions.

"Mooli gully!" gurgled the Arab (which roughly translated from the low Arabic means: "I'm done for, dang it!"). And so saying he let the machine gun fall from his lifeless, evil hands.

Success!

Now all I had to do was race to the tower and tip over the cauldron full of boiling lead and—

SIZZLE!

"AHHHHHGH!"

"Sic transit Shiek Shiksa and his Grand Vizier," I chuckled. "Alone at last with the golden-haired princess!"

"Help, help!" screamed the golden-haired princess. "I'm being ravished by a triple-zero SADISTO agent!"

"So you are, sugar," I chuckled, as my hands moved over her hot young curves. "But like they say, to the victor belongs the spoils—or, heh, heh, the goils . . ."

"What a beau jest!" gasped the golden-haired princess, as—

But the action which followed was not blood-drenched.

I hope this brief interpolation from my diary will satisfy the most bloodthirsty of my readers.

And now, back to where we left off:

"Come!" cried Karlotta. "Let's go machine-gun Moonflower and her minions!"

"All right, all right," I snapped. "I heard you the first time. Let's go!"

Still nude, since our clothes were not in the room where we'd been held prisoner, Karlotta and I loped through the corridors of the building.

We turned a corner and five startled ChiCom comandos whirled, sub-machine guns at the ready.

STAKATATAKATATAKATAKATAKATA!

Bullets flew in all directions—more than a few whizzing by my head, and even more vulnerable portions of my anatomy.

But within seconds the five guards were riddled wrecks; Karlotta and I had proved better shots; also we'd started firing first.

We loped along some more, vaulting athletically over the pile of extinct guards. Ahead of us was a door! A door on which hung a freshly painted sign which read, in ChiCom characters: PRISONER INTERROGATION AND TORTURE ROOM—KEEP OUT.

I raised my gun: *Crack-crack-crack-crack!* It's lock shot away, the door swung open.

We sprang into the room, guns at the ready, to find the room—empty! Empty save for Psychedelia Schmidt, that is. Still erotically nude, she was hanging from her wrists which were lashed to a pop art chandelier.

I raised my gun, let go one shot and—CRACK! SNAP!

THUD!

The rope binding her wrists severed by my well-aimed shot, Psychedelia fell onto the easy chair which I'd kicked beneath her just in time.

I pulled the gag from her mouth.

"Safe at last!" gasped Psychedelia. "But—but the nation is still in terrible danger! That awful woman,

Moonflower, has stolen my two-ton cache of LSD!"

"So, you cracked under her torture, eh?" I sneered disdainfully and contemptuously.

"Not so," gasped Psychedelia, rubbing her wrists. "As bad luck would have it, the cache was in this room. Moonflower stumbled right over it, in fact."

"Let's hope she stubbed her toe," I muttered. "Any idea where she and her fanatical followers have gone?"

"No," moaned Psychedelia. "She and her fanatical followers just grabbed the boxes of plastic bags full of powdered, concentrated LSD, plus my purloined ten million, plus the complete list of the criminal dupes who were going to dump the stuff into drinking water supplies all over the nation!"

"Kurses!" snarled Karlotta.

"And you overheard nothing?" I asked.

"I overheard plenty," sighed Psychedelia. "But it was all in Chinese, which I don't understand, worse luck. The only thing she said in English was a last taunting remark, to me. She patted one of the boxes full of LSD and chuckled: '*So long, idealistic dupe—I must fly now!*'"

"True enough, no doubt," I growled. "With two tons of LSD she'll really fly. Most likely—wait! Perhaps her words had a dual meaning! To the San Beldano airport, Karlotta!"

"At once!" cried Karlotta.

And off we rushed, not even stopping to find some clothes.

At the airport I brought the mini-moke to a screeching halt. A venal-looking type with San Beldano Jay-Cee Club stenciled on his T-shirt was busy hanging a new sign. WELCOME FANATICAL CHICOM COMMANDOS! the sign read.

The venal-looking jerk took one look at Karlotta and me, another look at the sub-machine guns in our hands, and quickly flipped the sign over. WELCOME

SADISTO AND KRUNCH AGENTS! read the other side.

"They went that way!" gasped the sign-hanger.

I nodded—after first shooting him a dirty look—and sent the mini-moke roaring across the field. A crackle of small-arms fire broke out ahead of us, in front of the helicopter terminal building, and seconds later a helicopter sprang clattering into the air.

It made a low and vicious pass at us, then clattered up and away.

"She's getting away!" I cried. "Our only chance is to grab a helicopter ourselves and give chase!"

Which we did.

And, thanks to my expert helicopter piloting, less than ten minutes later, while skimming low over the pine-tree-clad slopes of the San Beldano Mountains, we caught up with Moonflower's whirly-bird.

"Look at her and her minions snarl at us through the Plexiglass canopy!" cried Karlotta. "And see! Right behind them—cardboard after cardboard carton labeled LSD!"

"Also observe," I muttered, "Moonflower's minions raising their sub-machine guns to shoot us down! Open fire, Karlotta!"

And she did.

As did Moonflower's minions.

And thus began the deadly duel in the skies—the first helicopter battle in history, to the best of my belief.

High above the mountainous slopes we soared and circled, perhaps a hundred yards apart, each helicopter feinting, dropping, rising, dodging sideways to avoid the deadly bursts of submachine gun slugs we were exchanging, both Moonflower and I were trying to get between the other's helicopter and the sun.

It was a deadly, mortally dangerous duel, for choppers, particularly civilian choppers, are extremely vul-

nerable to machine-gun fire.

On the other hand, accurate aim is fantastically difficult when both your target and the platform you're firing from are moving erratically in three dimensions.

Gradually we dropped lower, until now we were threading our way between and around towering pine trees and rocky pinnacles, trees and pinnacles which offered cover and deadly danger. If one of our rotor blades had so much as kissed a tree branch—  
SPLAT . . . .

And still the deadly duel went on . . .

And then: "Both guns are empty!" gasped Karlotta. "What to do?"

I swore. There was, I realized, only one thing to do: so I did it.

I waited until Moonflower's helicopter had thrashed behind a nearby grove of giant trees, then sent our machine leaping upward at full throttle. Up and then down.

And moments later we were directly above the enemy craft!

Craning out the open door I could see Moonflower's minions leaning out in order to point their sub-machine guns at us. Too late!

I whip-lashed the controls, our helicopter jerked down and then up again as—THUMP!

"You hit her rotor blades with our wheels!" exulted Karlotta.

And, sure enough, as I zoomed our helicopter up higher we could see Moonflower's whirly-bird lurch out over a steep gorge, wobbling like a wounded bird. And then, as the rotor blades snapped completely off, it dropped like a dead duck. Down and down and down . . .

"Hey, Moonflower!" I yelled out fiendishly if humorously, "How are you fixed for blades?"

As her helicopter continued to plunge down the



steep gorge we could see a tiny red-clad figure leap from the doomed craft—a figure which plunged into a grove of trees as—

SMACK!\

KARASH!

KRUMPLE!

The enemy helicopter slammed into a steep rocky slope, bounced and slammed into the rocky ground again, rolled and then—

SWOOSH!

The crumpled wreck exploded into raging, gasoline-fed flames.

We circled above it, being careful not to get too close.

"Well, there goes two tons of powdered LSD," noted Karlotta.

I nodded, pointed at the thick column of white smoke which was pouring from the wreck, a column of smoke which was already beginning to twist lazily down the smoggy slopes of the San Beldano Mountains—toward the not-so-far city of San Beldano.

"That town is going to get turned on tonight," I said, "as it's never been turned on before."

"It couldn't happen to a better town," commented Karlotta. "Too bad Moonflower had such an easy death—merely being pulverized when she hit the ground without a parachute. You don't suppose she could have survived, do you? That the trees could have broken her evil fall?"

"Impossible!" I averred. But in my heart I couldn't help but wonder ...

I landed half a mile from the wreck, in the nearest open clearing, and it took us another hour to work our way to the site. By that time the wrecked 'copter was nothing but a pile of smoking wreckage.

"Well, that's that," said Karlotta. "We did the job!" She put out her hand. I shook it.

Then I took her in my arms and kissed her. And she kissed me, and together we sank to the rocky ground and had at each other, erotically, sensually, sexily.

Together we wrestled and rocked and twisted and writhed, wantonly, wildly, wonderfully ...

Her flesh was flame beneath my fingers, her mouth a wet furnace of passion searing my skin, her breasts and limbs and buttocks sculptured enticements that excited and delighted me.

"Pleasure me!" she gasped, and I pleased her, as she pleased me, as the earth shook and the sky burned and time slid to a throbbing halt and liquid passion enveloped us ...

Again, and again, and again.

After which we rested a while.

Sat up.

Looked at each other and smiled.

But rather a sad smile because we both knew that now the truce between KRUNCH and SADISTO was over.

And there was, of course, only one thing to do.

And we did it.

We flung ourselves apart, scrambling for cover on the rocky slopes as—

WHIZZ! A coconut-sized rock flung by Karlotta zipped past my head.

"Die, rotten SADISTO agent!" she screamed.

"I'm going to kill you now, cruel KRUNCH kutie!" I snarled, as I flung a fifty-pound boulder at her lovely if depraved head.

The horrible menace of psychedelically induced serenity was over.

Things were back to normal.

## EPILOGUE

Because tens of thousands of my devoted readers have accused me of continually leaving loose ends dangling in my memoirs, I have appended this epilogue to happy them up.

But first of all, allow me to point out that, in the real-life secret agent game, loose ends dangle continually—no erotic double entendre implied.

But I digress.

Did Moonflower die in her plunge sans parachute?

I don't know. The next day a team of SADISTO mountain troops—rugged girls every one—searched the entire area. They found no trace of her body. On the other hand, they did find the pug marks of a pair of mountain lions and blood stains.

Did the lions eat Moonflower's corpse or was she alive when the big cats found her? If she'd been alive, of course, the mountain lions wouldn't have stood a chance—would have ended up as her supper, in fact.

So we can only hope that she got eaten.

But we don't know for sure.

And Psychedelia?

Karlotta and I both goofed there. Intent on catching Moonflower and her minions, we both forgot to kill her—as alert readers have doubtless already noted.

When a team of SADISTO hunter-killers (in gas masks) fanned out through the turned-on town of San Beldano, they found no trace of her.

So there is, still, a slight element of danger, psychedelically speaking. It is just remotely possible that the turned-on temptress may be off some place, raising funds, manufacturing horrible hallucinogenic chemicals, planning and plotting toward the day when she can turn on the entire world, all at once...

A slight danger, perhaps. But if one day you take a swig of drinking water and find yourself in orbit, don't say I didn't warn you.

And Karlotta. Did I kill her or she me?

No. Hardly had our deadly duel with flung rocks gotten well into its fourth hour but my wrist-watch radio beeped as did hers.

My call was from the General, who wanted a complete verbal report.

By the time I'd finished giving it to him night had fallen, and Karlotta was nowhere to be seen.

I looked for her, rather listlessly for I was a bit bushed, to be frank, but after an hour or so I gave up and followed a stream of girl hikers back to civilization. Or more correctly, to their cozy campfire, where—

But that's another lust-packed story.

THE END